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VOLO IS SCENE OF SENSATION

Women is Ridden on a Rail by Other Women of the Village

ONLY CASE OF KIND IN CO.

Arrests Are Threatened and Many More Developments Are Expected in the Near Future

The small village of Volo, on the western border of Lake county, seven miles west of Grayslake, was the scene last week Tuesday of the first case on record where a woman who has committed an offense, was "ridden on a rail" in an effort of a posse of vigilantes of women to get her out of town. The victim of the sensational rail stunt was Mrs. John Richardson, wife of a lame and sickly merchant of the village and the offense which the posse which took charge claimed was she had been too intimate with her husband's brother-in-law, Will Dunnill. The posse declared the action had been progressing for over a year, but that the husband was too lame and sick to prevent it or even have cognizance of her relations, therefore they felt it time to take matters into their own hands—and they did so in a manner which has never before been recounted in Lake county.

The woman, as a result of the experience, is said to be in a state bordering upon insanity and her husband, having the light shown to him by what his friends and neighbors did, has already taken steps to get a divorce and meeting discouragement in this, he has made an offer to his wife to give her \$1,500 to clear out of the village forthwith which she did.

Intensity of interest is added to the matter by the fact that women unaided by the men, took the initiative in forming the posse and carried out all the details without regard to the men or without aid.

Richardson, who is sick and lame, conducts a store in the village and is well known and popular. He has had the sympathy of all the people of the village and that is how women seeing that he had not realized what was going on took matters into their own hands to avenge themselves for him on his wife and her relatives. Richardson all the time the affair was progressing was in his store, unable and unwilling to interfere.

Mrs. John Richardson was seen at the home of a friend and in her statement regarding her having been ridden on the rail by Volo women, she declared it was all spittle and water.

She says that the woman who carried out this deed, were all jealous of her and that they had always been cruel and bitter towards her; she said she kept her house neat and clean, attended to her own business and then gave the big reason why she believed they made the terrible attack on her.

It is that she and her husband had strongly opposed a saloon in the village wherein the husbands of the women in question gathered nightly to carouse, and because they had tried to drive the place out of the village, the women had been inspired by their husbands to take this action against her in order to cause her to leave town.

She charges that Mrs. Peter Stadfeldt was leader of the episode and declared that she intended beginning an action against her and all the women who took part in the affair; she says she will prosecute them to the limit and it is declared that she was to visit Waukegan and swear out warrants against them all. She has had her ire aroused and insists that the molestation was unjustified and should be dealt with by the law according to the offense committed.

Everybody's Doing It. "A year ago people didn't think of the possibility that a fire had been set," said a New York fire insurance adjuster. "Now they don't think of anything else. The other day I had to investigate a small fire. 'What do you think was the cause?' I asked the janitor. 'It looks to me,' said he, 'like the friction between a \$500 value and a \$1,000 policy.'"

BLOOD FEUD IN UPPER EGYPT

Natives Will Go to Almost Any Length in the Desire to Wreak Private Vengeance.

A remarkable instance of an innocent man being condemned to death for murder and having his innocence proved almost at the foot of the gallows is reported from Upper Egypt.

A very rich land owner was found dead on his doorstep. An inquiry was opened and his two brothers accused a certain Omran Mahmoud and his son of the crime, which they swore they saw them commit. The accused men declared their innocence, but, despite the desperate and eloquent efforts of their advocate, Omran Mahmoud was sentenced to death and his son to imprisonment for life, and the date of the execution was fixed.

The advocate sent in a petition for the commutation of the death sentence to the khedive.

Time passed and he heard nothing as to the fate of his petition. The day before that fixed for the execution the advocate determined to approach higher quarters. Just as he was about to proceed on the errand two men were shown into his office. They were the brothers of the murdered man.

They had come to confess to him that their evidence had been false, and that Omran Mahmoud and his son were innocent of the murder of their brother. They had merely accused them of the crime because they wanted to keep the authorities from suspecting the true murderer, on whom they intended themselves to take vengeance.

The real criminal was at once arrested and on the eve of the execution Omran Mahmoud and his son were advised of what had happened.

This incident is illustrative of the lengths to which the native desire for revenge will go. It is, of course, not unusual for one man to accuse another of a crime to avenge some long-nursed grudge, but it is surely unique for innocent men to be accused of a murder because the family of the murdered person wish to avenge their loss themselves on the murderer.

WOMEN CAST FIRST BALLOT FOR DRY IN ILLINOIS

Women voters cast their first ballot in the wet and dry fight in Illinois Tuesday. Although far from unanimous in their expression, the women routed the liquor interests by a majority of 17 votes at Carpentersville, a village 6 miles north of Elgin.

There were 332 votes cast, a larger number than was ever known before in either village or township election, and 152 of them were the ballots of women. The count showed 172 votes against the saloon and 155 in favor of it. Only five ballots were thrown out by the judges.

Carpentersville always has been a dry village. Recently an Elgin saloon keeper applied for a license there. The village board, by a majority of 1 vote refused the request. The question was referred to popular vote.

During the last two weeks the women drys have conducted a campaign of street corner speaking and a house to house canvass. Their task was not an easy one, for the village has a large foreign population.

Although the voting of the women was strongly divided upon the question it was estimated by Max Baldwin, village clerk, and one of the clerks of the election, that the women's votes won the victory for the dry force.

Women's votes also are reported to have been responsible for a dry victory at Benton, Ill. Out of a possible 700 women voters some 500 exercised their right of suffrage and of these it was said nine tenths voted against saloon. A proposed wet ordinance was defeated by 526 votes. It was estimated that only 14 women in the city voted for the ordinance.

One Mother Too Many.

A pleasant adventure, one that is usually reserved to much younger daughters, has happened to Miss Mistinguette, of the opera, Paris, France. She has been reclaimed as a long-lost daughter by a woman of Bergerolles, whose daughter disappeared sixteen years ago, and whom she affirms she recognizes in the distinguished artist. Miss Mistinguette has a good heart. She would like nothing better than to recognize the maternity of this honorable dame, but unfortunately she already has an authentic mother, and at this time of life cannot accept the luxury of a supplementary mamma.

Get Sugar In Other Ways.

It is significant that the nations who consume the most oil and light wines, all of which contain greater or less amounts of compounds of carbon and water, consume the least sugar per capita. The natives of Italy, Greece and Turkey, for example, consume annually but one-twelfth of the amount of sugar per capita that is consumed by the natives of Great Britain.—American Food Journal.

NO MOVIES FOR ZION IN FUTURE

Council Passed Ordinance Prohibiting Such Shows in the City

WHITNEY UPHOLDS ACT

Judge Rules That Council Has Power to Revoke Any License at Any Time They May See Fit

Zion City will go to bed motion pictureless hereafter. It also will retire without its evening game of Kelly pool, so far as it has indulged in heretofore.

Bert M. Rice, manager of the only motion picture show house in the city, failed Tuesday to obtain an injunction from Judge Charles Whitney at Waukegan prohibiting the city council from interfering with his theatre.

The court ruled that licensing or revoking licenses of theatres lay within the council's powers. Henry Vogler's poolroom, running as the Star restaurant, where tobacco also was sold, was closed at midnight in compliance with orders issued by the council ten days ago.

Friday last the city council passed an ordinance prohibiting moving picture shows in Zion City and also passed a resolution revoking the license of Mr. Rice and tendering him unearned money on his license.

The question arose when the case came up before Judge Whitney, Tuesday as to whether the Council had the power to revoke a license before the time expired and before the ten days notice had expired. Theodore Forby, city attorney at Zion produced section 41 of the statute relating to the powers of the city council. This section proved beyond all doubt in Judge Whitney's opinion that city councils in the state of Illinois have the power "to license, tax, regulate, suppress and prohibit hawkers, peddlers, pawnbrokers, keepers of ordinaries, theatricals and other exhibitions, shows and amusements and to revoke such license at pleasure."

"You filed your bills on the theory that this place was a place of amusement," said Judge Whitney in answer to Mr. Pope's defense that the word moving picture was not included in this clause. "You state further in your bill," the judge went on, "that the business men secured for Mr. Rice a proper place of amusement which has ever since been conducted by him as such. I don't think that anything could be more explicit than section 41 of this statute which gives the city council to grant a license and to revoke it at pleasure."

"You cannot deprive a person of the right of supporting himself in a way that is laudable and proper," said Mr. Pope. "Pictures are used to instruct and to educate."

HUNTERS LICENSE MAY CAUSE MANY A MIX-UP

The fact that hunters' license to the number of 50,000 were printed in Illinois before the new game law was passed by the legislature has caused confusion which may result in a lax enforcement of the law.

On the back of the license blanks is printed a synopsis of the law as it was then, but the law later enacted varies in several particulars. The synopsis states that wild turkeys and pheasants may not be killed until July 1, 1913, whereas the law now is that such game may not be killed until July 1, 1923. The synopsis states that squirrels may be killed from June 1 to November 15, but the law is that they may not be killed until July 1. Now blanks will not be provided, it is said, and the game wardens will have confusion to contend if they prosecute.

What a hunter may shoot and when he may shoot will depend largely upon when he purchased his license. In a party of hunters some may be permitted to shoot game which holders of other license are forbidden to shoot. As each purchased his license in good faith game wardens will be at a loss to know what to do. License are good for a year, so that it will be at least that length of time before the mix-up is straightened out.

WARREN ORNE INJURED SUNDAY

Machine in Which he Was Riding Was Crashed into by Another

JOY RIDERS FAIL TO STOP

Laughs and Jeers Was the Only Sympathy Given the Injured, by the Occupants of the Other Car

Sunday afternoon Warren Orne, of Chicago, who is well known to many in this village by reason of himself and family having spent much time every summer in our midst, met with a serious and perhaps fatal accident. For many years he has been a close friend of E. L. Simons, and each year his acquaintance here has grown until large number of our readers will grieve to learn of his misfortune. A number of weeks ago he with some members of his family came to Antioch in their auto but had some bad luck on the way, and upon their arrival placed the machine in the garage. Last Saturday Mr. Orne and his daughter Helen who has been visiting at the Simons house started on a return trip but they had only reached Grayslake when the machine again went wrong and they left it there and proceeded by train.

Sunday Mr. Orne with a friend took a machine belonging to the company of which he was president and started out to get the disabled car. When near Wheeling the accident which may cost him his life took place. The Inter Ocean of Tuesday has the following to say:

"While going at terrific speed a large touring car containing a party of men and women joy riders, crashed into a light machine containing Warren Orne, president of the White City Electric company and W. B. Akeley, a salesman Sunday afternoon on Milwaukee ave., near West Northfield, demolished the smaller automobile, hurled the occupants into a ditch and then sped on, leaving Mr. Orne perhaps fatally injured."

Mr. Akeley was only slightly injured, but Mr. Orne was picked up unconscious and rushed to St. Francis' hospital, where he is said to be in a serious condition. The police of Northfield are searching for the automobilists responsible for the collision.

Orne and Akeley were on their way to Grayslake when the accident occurred. They were driving along Milwaukee avenue in a light roadster at moderate speed when they heard the loud blast of an automobile horn behind them and Orne looking back saw the large car approaching at a fearful rate of speed. He guided the smaller car to one side of the road, but the driver of the touring car made no attempt to give the roadster half of the road and the larger machine crashed into it with terrific force.

A loud shout of derision went up from the joy riders as if some practical joke had been played and putting on full speed again the driver steered the machine clear of the wreckage and on down the road. Singing and laughing the party disappeared before Akeley could obtain the number of the car.

Persons who witnessed the accident summoned Dr. Hertle and he had Orne removed to the hospital where it was found that he had suffered a fractured arm and serious internal injuries.

A telephone call from the Simons House to the Orne family this (Thursday) morning brings out the information that Mr. Orne on Wednesday was found to have a fractured skull and that his condition is growing worse.

Feminine Crews. Wellesley college teaches oarsmanship, and the eight crews take to the water in the early spring and from then on are put through severe tests in starts, blade work and finishes.

Tasmania's Great Reservoir. The island of Tasmania is located south of Australia. Its area is a little over 28,000 miles and it has a population of 191,000. In the middle of the island at an altitude of 3,400 feet is the Great Lake, a storage reservoir provided by nature.

FIND SAFETY IN PRISON CELL

Many Instances on Record Where Criminals Have Taken Refuge in Jails and Penitentiaries.

The recent escape of a patient from the Poughkeepsie insane asylum, followed by his begging to be taken back because New York was "too noisy," is no drollier than many kindred instances that have come to the attention of institution authorities in the past. It is a well-known fact that inmates of the state prisons often ask to be allowed to remain permanently where they have served a number of years sentence. They declare that it is actually more like home to them than any other place in the world where they have been. As the authorities have no power to continue them as prisoners at the expense of the state the released convicts will often commit another crime in order that they may be resentence to a stay in their former prison home.

It sometimes happens that criminals wanted for an offense that bids fair to lead to their capture and a long prison term will deliberately break a law that will lead only to a light sentence. They do this at some distant point and elude the detectives searching everywhere but in prison for them. They have been known to enlist under false names in the army or navy, much as they detest the strict discipline to which they must conform. They argue they are safer in the army for three years than being shadowed constantly by detectives.

Others who often feel they are safer in custody are "squealers" who fear the knife or bullet of the "gang" outside. This was plainly shown in the Rosenthal-Becker murder case, when Rose and Weber and Schepps trembled lest the accused gunmen's friends should be able to reach them and carry out revenge threats.

TAX SALE NETS LAKE COUNTY THE SUM OF \$21,000

The total amount of unpaid taxes for the year 1913 amounts to \$21,584.14. This sum represents the receipts of the tax sale recently conducted by County Treasurer Westerfield and County Clerk Hendee.

It took just three days to sell these taxes. A great many taxes were sold with a premium of 25 per cent and interest but a number were sold at a lower margin.

The general taxes sold amounted to \$13,392.88. The total amount of the special taxes sold was \$8,291.26.

That Lake County holds a record for the low number of taxes sold by the treasurer, and the county clerk is the report of one down state officer.

The tax sale was conducted two weeks ago, and the county officials have completed their work of listing the total number of unpaid taxes which were sold to tax buyers recently.

Last year the total amount of unpaid taxes amounted to from \$10,000 to \$15,000 more than it did this year. Waukegan men purchased a big share of the taxes this year, and they are engaged at this time in sending out notices to the owners of the property.

Essay on the Human Hair.

Under the microscope human hair is a more or less complex and very variable tissue. In size, shape and masonry (it is a sort of concrete structure) as well as color there is more or less variation of detail. Architecturally curly hair differs from the straight variety; kinky hair has a special construction of its own which explains the kinks; there's a reason, apparent under the revealing eye of the microscope, for the black, red, silky, and all other varieties.

Reminders of Limerick Siege.

Near a battle scene during the siege of Limerick, in 1691, workmen while excavating discovered a quantity of human remains recently. A bullet hole was observed in one skull, and on examination a bullet was found embedded in the bone.

To Prevent Corroding.

Boiling an iron or steel article in a gallon of water to which has been added four ounces of phosphoric acid and an ounce of iron filings will give it a black, non-corroding coating.

Mandel of Mandel Brothers' store on the bluff above the lake.

Mrs. Zimmer saw a roseate future when she welcomed her husband at the Moody institute fresh air camp of Highland Park Saturday noon. Zimmer took a plunge in the lake that afternoon, he came back to shore and took his 2-year old son in his arms. He waded out again and suddenly the watchers saw him go down. He came up again without the child. They saw him plunge again and again, going farther and farther out, as the undertow carried the child into the lake. Then he disappeared. Two hours later the child's body was found and later in the day the father's body was found.

FIVE LOST IN WATERS OF LAKE CO.

Four Were Drowned at Highland Park, one at Druce's Lake Sunday Afternoon

UNDERTOW IS CAUSE OF IT

In Each of the Two Highland Park Cases One Life Was Sacrificed to Save Another

Lake county waters prove the grave for five persons Saturday and Sunday, the biggest toll ever recorded in the same period in the county excepting the one time when seven persons were capsized at Fox Lake and seven lives were lost.

The most sensational of the two double tragedies occurred Sunday afternoon at Highland Park when a mother sought to rescue her 18 year old daughter and not only lost her life in the attempt but her 14 year old nephew was also drowned in trying to aid both; and the husband, on shore, tried to extend aid but in leaping into the water with his clothes on, he almost lost his life.

A mother's heroic, unreasoning attempt to snatch her daughter from the embrace of the undertow brought about the first tragedy of Sunday.

Mrs. Frank M. Howe sat upon the shore near Highland Park preparing a lunch for her husband, her daughter Eva, 18 years old; her nephew, Earl Sturm, and several others of the Sturm party whom she and her family were visiting for the day.

Eva ran out into the surf, danced a moment in the waves and called to the others to come. Then she disappeared.

The mother dropped her lunch, she could not swim and was garbed in street clothes, but her daughter was in the clutch of the lake. She ran into the surf to the spot where Eva had been and she too went down.

Others rushed to the rescue and Eva unconscious was tossed almost ashore by a following breaker. Sturm followed his aunt into the waves while others of the family aided, retreated helpless to the stand to revive the girl.

Mr. Howe also nearly lost his life. When he saw the trouble his wife and nephew were in, he ran into the water, throwing off part of his clothing as he ran. He is no swimmer and almost went down in a hole but finally saved himself.

The bodies of Mrs. Howe and her nephew came ashore hours later. The pulmoner which had saved Eva was unable to reawaken a spark of life in either.

While on an outing with friends at Druce's Lake, Sunday afternoon, Thos. Sharvin, aged 25, of North Chicago, drank too much whiskey. As a result although he was an excellent swimmer, he was drowned. Witnesses at the inquest omitted they all had been drinking heavily and Sharvin returned to the shore several times to get a fresh drink, finally becoming so intoxicated he lost control of himself and had a cramp in 20 feet of water. It happened about 1 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Peterson had gone into the lake near Ravenna, leaving their 4 year old daughter Dorothy, playing on the beach. A sleepy fisherman on an adjoining breakwater lazily watched the little girl as he waited for a bite.

Both husband and wife were excellent swimmers but when they swam out beyond the end of the pier they were caught in the undertow and both went down. A lone fisherman on the pier saw their plight and he hurriedly extended his line pole. The husband was able to grasp it but the wife sank again. The fisherman pulled the man ashore and rescued him.

In the meantime a young lad named Seesholm had witnessed the trouble and running along the pier from the beach where he had been sitting, he discarded as much of his clothing as he could and plunging into the water, grabbed hold of Mrs. Peterson. He swam towards shore and then others helped him carry her to the home of Edwin

GOMPERS PLOT TOLD

MULHALL SWEARS N. A. M. HAD SCHEME TO GET LABOR CHIEF TO DESERT.

M. CLAVE DENIES CHARGES

Candidate for Congress Tells Senate Lobby Committee That Witness Perjured Himself in Testimony Before Body.

Washington, July 21.—The senate lobby investigating committee was told on Friday night by S. Wood McClave, Republican candidate for congress in a special election to be held in the Sixth New Jersey district, that Martin M. Mulhall had perjured himself in his testimony before that body. He also denied that Mulhall had raised or spent money for him or had managed his campaign against William Hughes in 1910.

Martin M. Mulhall gave the senate lobby investigating committee his story of the alleged effort in 1907-1908 to bribe Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, to desert the cause of labor and support the policies advocated by the National Association of Manufacturers.

Mulhall admitted he had no positive information that an attempt to bribe Gompers had actually been made, but he said Atherton Brownell of New York had outlined the plans to him and had told him of what was to be done.

The committee held a session at night to hear the testimony of S. W. McClave, of Paterson, N. J., now a candidate for congress, and with whom Mulhall said he had worked throughout the campaign of 1910, when McClave was running against William Hughes in the Sixth district.

The committee opened the Gompers incident when newspaper clippings appeared showing that Gompers had made the bribery charges before a court in 1908, and that President Van Cleve of the Manufacturers' association had denied all connection with them. Mulhall said he had been referred by Van Cleve and Schwedtmann, the latter secretary of the association, to Mr. Brownell, in New York, who claimed to be conducting a publicity bureau for the association.

Brownell told him, he said, that a man named Brandenburg was following Gompers; that they had a plan fixed up by which they expected to "get" the labor leader, and that they were positive they could not fail. Mulhall said he warned them they would not succeed, and later advised Van Cleve to the same effect. Van Cleve left New York suddenly, the witness said, after telling him that he had nearly "fallen into a trap."

Inside views of Republican national politics as seen by Martin M. Mulhall were presented to the senate lobby committee Thursday. According to Mulhall's correspondence read to the committee and his statements, submitted in amplification of the letters, it was the aim of the National Association of Manufacturers at Chicago convention in 1908 to support former Speaker Joseph G. Cannon for the presidential nomination.

It was developed through a series of letters placed in the record by the senate lobby committee Wednesday that the more active workers of the National Association of Manufacturers aimed to bring about the appointment of a prominent member of the association, preferably Mr. Van Cleve, who was then its president, as a member of the cabinet of President Taft, and also to have representation on the Republican national committee.

PASSENGER STEAMER IS SUNK

Iowa of Goodrich Line Gdea Down With Cargo After Collision With Sheboygan.

Chicago, July 18.—The steamer Iowa of the Goodrich line was sunk at her dock, east of the Rush street bridge, Thursday, as the result of a collision with the Sheboygan, also a Goodrich boat, near the mouth of the river.

The Iowa, according to officials of the line, carried no passengers at the time; those in the Sheboygan were considerably alarmed, but none was injured. The Iowa was heavily loaded with freight and the loss will be heavy. Officials of the company said fog was the direct cause of the collision.

MELLEN RESIGNS FROM ROAD

J. Pierpont Morgan's Protege on New Haven Railroad Quits the Presidency.

New York, July 19.—Charles Sanger Mellen, for almost ten years president of the New York, New Haven & Hartford system of railroads, trolleys and steamship lines, on Thursday submitted his resignation as president of the road and all its subsidiaries to the directors who were in session here for more than five hours. It was accepted.

Many Injured in Stampede. Newark, N. J., July 21.—One hundred persons, many of them children, were injured in a panic at a moving picture exhibition here. The stampede followed the setting off of a flashlight to take a photograph.

Indictment in Lamar Case. New York, July 21.—A sealed indictment has been handed in by the federal grand jury which has had under investigation the statements of David Lamar before the senate lobby investigating committee.

U. S. SAILORS IN RIOT

TARS MOB I. W. W. OFFICES IN CITY OF SEATTLE.

Attack Follows Speech Made by Secretary of the Navy Daniels Some Hours Previous.

Seattle, Wash., July 21.—United States sailors and marines from the Pacific reserve fleet, reinforced by soldiers and some young civilians, made a general raid on Socialist and Industrial Workers of the World strongholds in this city Friday. The attack followed a clash Thursday night between I. W. W. people and sailors, in which three of Uncle Sam's men were beaten up.

A provost guard of fifty men of the fleet was hurried ashore in cutters to arrest all the rioters, who caused much damage.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels was dining on the cruiser West Virginia, the guest of Admiral Reynolds, when the rioting began. The rioting was ascribed to a speech he had made in denunciation of the red flag.

There were two parties of rioters. The first wrecking party to get under way was composed of twelve men of the navy, several members of the Washington naval reserve and 100 young civilians. Waving United States flags the storming party swooped down on the cart news stand of Millard Price, a Socialist orator, at Fourth avenue and Westlake boulevard, the busiest night corner in the city.

The cart was broken to splinters and the big stock of Socialist papers and magazines destroyed.

The mob rushed to Socialist headquarters on Fifth avenue, smashed the plate glass window and nailed American flags to the front of the building. Two policemen smiled complacently on the wreckers. The sailors tore the signs off the front of the building and broke them to pieces.

TURKS SEIZE ADRIANOPLE

Bashi-Bazouks Celebrated by Commencing Orgy of Pillage and Atrocities.

London, July 22.—The Turks have re-occupied Adrianople, which they so gallantly defended against the Balkan allies several months ago. Not content with their entry into the city, they are pillaging and committing many atrocities, according to a dispatch to the Times from Sofia.

The entry was made early Sunday morning. There was a short conflict with a small force of Bulgarians defending the city, after which the Turks swept in unobstructed.

The bashi-bazouks then began an orgy of burning and pillaging and committing other atrocities. This was proceeding at the time the dispatch was sent from Sofia.

Turkey has formally notified the powers of her intention to occupy Adrianople and all of Thrace, and to establish the northern boundary of Turkey at the River Maritza.

CUMMINS HITS TARIFF BILL

Expresses Progressive Republicans Opposition to Underwood-Simmons Measure in Senate.

Washington, July 22.—Progressive Republican opposition of the Underwood-Simmons tariff bill was expressed in the senate by Senator Cummins of Iowa, who analyzed and condemned many of its provisions. The senator devoted considerable attention to the tariff schedules and announced himself in favor of the income tax amendment, substantially as written by the Democrats. "If it could not be changed to better suit the exigencies of the situation," he declared, however, that he would not vote for the bill.

FLASHES OFF THE WIRE

Waupaca, Wis., July 18.—The first occupant of a cell in the new Wisconsin asylum for criminal insane, which is to be opened in October, will be John Schrank, who wounded Col. Theodore Roosevelt at Milwaukee.

Chicago, July 21.—Vice-President Marshall will be the chief speaker at the ceremonies on July 27 at the laying of the cornerstone of the \$2,000,000 vocational university to be erected at Mooschart, near Aurora, Ill.

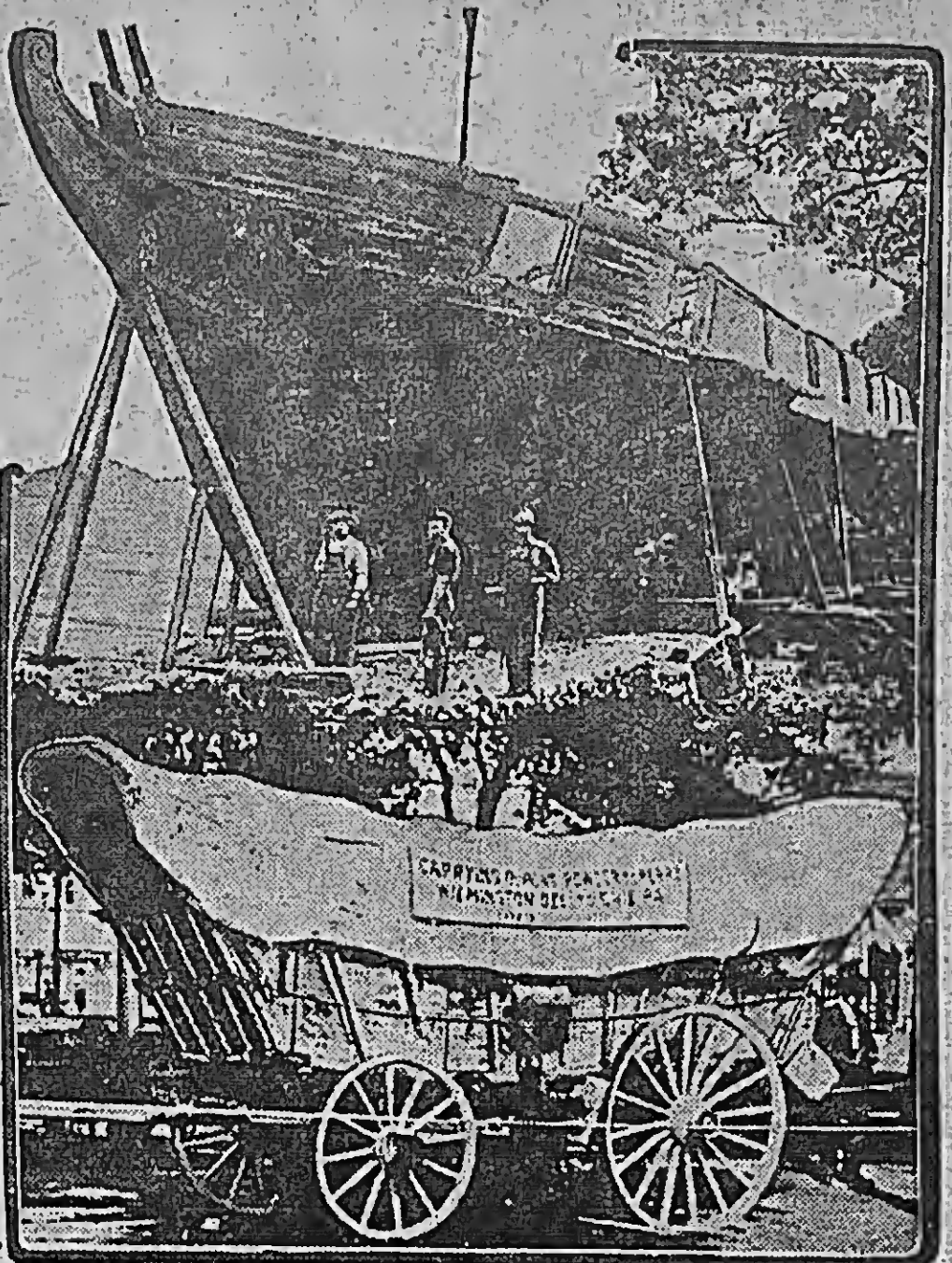
Philadelphia, July 18.—A dispatch received here from Suabury, Pa., states that \$10,000 in gold coin disappeared from a car on the Pennsylvania railroad while being transported from the United States mint in this city to a bank in Buffalo, N. Y. Railroad officials here deny that such a robbery has taken place.

Windham, Conn., July 21.—Hon. Edmund A. Parent, secretary of the United States civil service commission, died here. He was fifty years of age.

Sacrifices Life for Child. Chicago, July 22.—Four persons were drowned Sunday while bathing at Chicago beaches. Several others were rescued with great difficulty. Mrs. F. M. Howe, Chicago, lost her life while trying to save her daughter.

McCombs Rapidly Recovering. Paris, July 22.—William F. McCombs, chairman of the Democratic national committee, who underwent a successful operation for appendicitis recently, left Doctor Hartmann's clinic. He is gaining strength rapidly.

TWO HISTORIC RELICS OF THE WAR OF 1812



During the current celebrations of the hundredth anniversary of Commodore Perry's victory on Lake Erie the center of interest naturally is his flagship Niagara, shown in the photograph as it appeared after being raised from the bottom of the lake. While Perry was waiting with his fleet at Erie, the very wagon shown below was toiling overland from Delaware with his ammunition.

TO AID NICARAGUA

BRYAN OFFERS SENATORS A REVISED TREATY MAKING UNITED STATES ITS RULER.

WILL GUARD PANAMA CANAL

Secretary of State Urges That Arbitration Pacts With Several Nations Be Renewed—Terms Offered Republic.

Washington, July 22.—Secretary of State Bryan on Saturday laid before the senate committee on foreign relations at a private conference a proposal to establish by treaty what amounts to an American protectorate over the republic of Nicaragua. Bryan proposes a protectorate similar to that now exercised over Cuba.

At the same conference Mr. Bryan urged renewal of arbitration treaties with France, Great Britain and other countries.

The secretary of state went before the committee with a revised draft of the proposed Nicaraguan treaty, negotiated first in the Taft administration, by which the United States would obtain exclusive canal rights across Nicaragua and a new naval base in exchange for a \$3,000,000 gold payment.

As a new feature of the treaty, however, the secretary of state proposed that language similar to that used with the so-called "Platt amendment" relating to Cuba be injected into the treaty, giving the United States sweeping control of Nicaragua's affairs and the power to regulate its foreign relations and its finances.

Under the proposed plan Nicaragua would agree in substance:

That war should not be declared without the consent of the United States.

That no treaties should be made with foreign governments that would tend to destroy its independence or that would give those governments a foothold in the republic.

That no public debt would be contracted beyond the ordinary resources of the government, as indicated by the ordinary revenues.

That the United States should have the right to intervene at any time to preserve Nicaraguan independence or to protect life or property.

That the United States should have the exclusive right to build a canal across Nicaragua, and should have a 99-year lease to a naval base in the bay of Fonseca and to the Great Corn and Little Corn islands in the Caribbean seas, with the privilege of renewing the lease. The United States in return would pay Nicaragua \$3,000,000 to be used in public works.

8,000 Join Strike in Germany. Stettin, Germany, July 22.—The workmen employed in the ship-building yards here, to the number of 8,000, voted to join the strike Monday.

Roads File Two-Cent Fares. St. Paul, Minn., July 22.—Railways operating in Minnesota filed their tariff schedules under the new state rates with the railway commission, effective Sunday night. Two cents a mile is the new rate.

Julian Hawthorne to Be Free. Atlanta, Ga., July 22.—Julian Hawthorne's application for a parole will be granted, it is announced. He will be released probably July 26. Seeking inspiration and health, he will walk to New York.

PAID SOLON SALARY?

COLONEL MULHALL TELLS SENATE PROBES WATSON RECEIVED MONEY.

\$10,000 BONUS WAS OFFERED

Witness Testifies, in Return for Wages, Congressman Agreed to Work for Passage of Law Creating Tariff Board.

Washington, July 23.—Testimony given before the senate lobby committee on Monday by Col. Martin M. Mulhall charged that James E. Watson of Indiana, when he was a member of congress, accepted money in payment for his services in behalf of a tariff commission bill.

Mulhall said that Representative Watson was on the secret pay roll of the National Manufacturers' association and drew \$250 a week, in addition to a lump sum of \$500 paid him as a retainer.

The association, Mulhall testified, also promised Watson \$10,000 in cash when the tariff commission bill was passed.

The witness informed the senators that it was a blacklist of members of congress prepared by James E. Watson and one Childs, a clerk of the house committee on war claims. Among others in the list were the names of Representative Nichols and W. B. Wilson of Pennsylvania, Victor Murdock of Kansas, Morse, Lenroot and Nelson of Wisconsin; Haughey of Iowa, Harris Maynard of West Virginia and Champ Clark of Missouri.

"When did you get that list?" asked Senator Reed.

"Before election," replied Mulhall. "That's a list representing the men the National Association of Manufacturers was opposed to and wanted to beat. We made every effort to drive them back to private life."

In another list was the name of James T. McDermott of the Fourth Illinois district, but it had been crossed out with pencil marks.

In a letter written to Mulhall in October, Schwedtmann is quoted as saying: "I do hope that when James E. Watson gets in the governor's chair he will pay a half dozen of his good friends (?) over his knee and spank them to beat the band, including your special friend, Senator Doveridge. I hate false friends more than I do the worst enemies."

Mulhall was apparently much refreshed by a two days' rest, as he began the scrupulous explanation of the mass of correspondence in the hands of the committee.

The late Representative Henry C. Loudenslager of New Jersey, secretary of the Republican congressional committee in 1908, seemed to have incurred the enmity of Mulhall in October of that year. Mulhall wrote to Secretary Schwedtmann:

"I told this gentleman that the manufacturers of this country are tired of pinhead politicians. When I was through Mr. Loudenslager offered an apology, claiming that he would be good from this time on, but I plainly gave him to understand that when he comes up for re-nomination he would hear from our people."

Mulhall did not fully explain why he had fallen out with Loudenslager.

CRISIS IS NEAR IN MEXICO

Huerta Said to Be Losing Power and Complete Collapse Is Expected.

Washington, July 23.—Reports of conditions surrounding the Huerta government in Mexico have put administration officials in an attitude of keenest apprehension toward the situation there. Advice which officials believe to be perfectly trustworthy, seem to indicate that the strife between the Huerta regime and the revolutionary elements is nearing a point where some definite conclusion is to be reached.

Information of this situation when permitted to become known on Monday was coupled with the authoritative statement that the United States was making no additional naval or military preparations. Reports of an impending collapse of the Huerta regime are being talked over freely in official circles, though no official of the administration will permit his name to be coupled with them. All information made public was with the exact stipulation that it should not be represented as reflecting the views of the administration.

Meanwhile President Wilson is awaiting the coming of Ambassador Henry Lane Wilson, hurrying north from Mexico City, to make a first hand report of conditions.

Speaker Denies Wife Ride. Washington, July 23.—The yearning of Mrs. Champ Clark to engage in an aviation flight, while visiting Representative and Mrs. Baker at Wildwood, N. J., received a setback when the speaker refused to let her go.

Boy Admits \$22,000 Theft. Lake Charles, La., July 23.—A seventeen-year-old express driver confessed that he stole \$22,000 from a Wells-Fargo chest in a station here, according to the police. The prisoner is Herschel Pierce.

Charlton Reported Dying. Jersey City, N. J., July 23.—Porfirio Charlton, who is in jail here awaiting extradition to Italy for trial for the murder of his wife at Lake Como, is so ill he never will reach Italy alive, according to physicians.

IN SUCH PAIN WOMAN TORE HER CLOTHES

Testifies She Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Malone, N. Y., — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has certainly done me a lot of good. I first heard of it when I was a girl and I always said that if I ever had female trouble I would take it."

"I suffered from organic inflammation and would have spells when I would be in such pain that I would tear my clothes. One day my husband got the neighbors in to see what the matter was but they could not help me. My first thought was for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I sent my husband out for it and took it until I was entirely cured. I am a woman of perfect health and my health and happiness came from Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine. You may rest assured that I do all I can to recommend your wonderful medicine to my friends." — Mrs. Fred Stone, Route No. 3, Malone, N. Y.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.

Nothing is done to well-directed labor.—Samuel Boul.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle at a time.

Easiest Way. "Where did you get all that hard cash?" "From a soft thing."

Her Varying Preference. "Until a girl is eighteen any sort of calfskin supplies a man with the necessary credentials. But after that her interest does not respond to anything short of a pair of shoulder straps."

Improving the Shining Hours. Blobs.—Why do you liken Hard-uppa to the busy bee? —He's not particularly industrious, is he? Slobbe.—Oh, no, it isn't that, but nearly every one he touches gets stung.

Not the Way. An "advanced" woman tells the New York Tribune that "women are headed straight for trousers." We beg to inform the dear girl that the manner of approach must be reversed before the effort can be successful.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Gone Forever. Mother (to little Ethel sobbing as if her heart was broken)—Well, well, what is the matter, dear? Ethel—Tubby got lost. Mother—Never mind, darling, we'll advertise in the papers for tubby. Ethel (still sobbing)—She'll never, never come home 'cause she can't read.

Stung. "I want my money back for these hero socks," said the man as he handed the clerk a package. "The sign you had up said the socks was guaranteed for three months." "Well, what's the matter with the socks?" asked the clerk. "I only wore them three weeks, and I had to take them off and buy another pair because this pair had holes in the toes," replied the man.

A Triumph Of Cookery—Post Toasties

Many delicious dishes have been made from Indian Corn by the skill and ingenuity of the expert cook.

But none of these creations excels Post Toasties in tempting the palate.

"Toasties" are a luxury that make a delightful hot-weather economy.

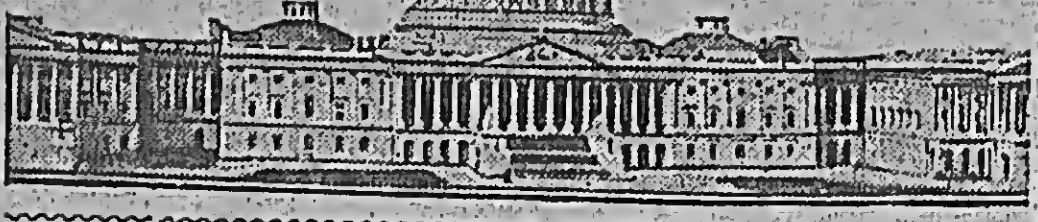
The first package tells its own story.

"The Memory Lingers"

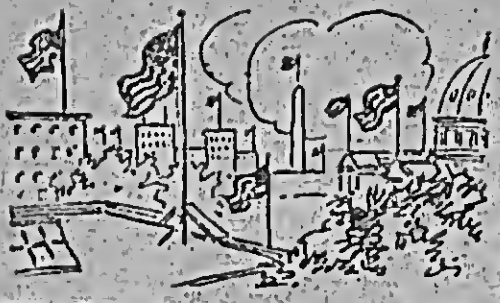
Sold by Grocers.

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

NEWS and GOSSIP of WASHINGTON



Washington Is a City of Many Tall Flagpoles



WASHINGTON.—If you will look out of the window of a high building and begin a count of the flagpoles that point upward from the tops of private as well as government buildings you will probably be impressed by the number. The idea of the builder of a Washington business structure seems to be that the building is not complete without a tall flagpole on which at certain times Old Glory can be run up.

One of the more notable private buildings a flag is kept flying all the time, night and day, and when whipped into ribbons by the winds is replaced. On many private buildings the flag is hauled down in the evening; on many buildings the flag is run up only on occasions of celebration; on a few buildings which are surrounded by flagpoles a flag never appears and the inference is that a flag is not among the accessories of that building.

A man who has an intimate knowledge of such things told the writer that he had computed that there are 600 flagpoles above the roofs of Washington city. A number of private and public buildings support more than one pole. The capitol has four permanent staffs, one on the senate side, one on the roof of the house, one at the west front and one at the east front. On the state, war and navy buildings are three poles, one for each of the departments quartered in that crowded structure. On the postoffice department are two poles, one on the east and the other on the west tower. Some of the big new office buildings carry more than one flagpole. On the Colorado building are three. Even some of the older buildings are not content with one. On the Ebbitt house are four.

A tall pole is 50 feet. A few in the city rise a little above this height. The average cost of one of these poles, including the installation of it, is \$200.

In the grounds of the naval and military establishments in and around Washington the masts rise 150 feet, but they are in two or three sections.

Subpoenaed Man "Cum Ez Quick Ez He Could"

THERE walked into the hearing room of the senate lobby investigators the other day a lank man, wearing a yellow linen duster, a black slouch hat, and a yellow-gray beard that looked like half a yard of corn-silk. He carried in his hand a yellow telegram.

"Well, I'm here," announced the stranger to the capitol cop guarding the door of the committee room. "I cum ez quick ez I could, and here I am."

The yellow telegram was a subpoena addressed to A. D. Baldwin, Cleveland, Ohio, and commanded the person designated to appear before the investigators forthwith. Mr. Baldwin was attending a class reunion at Yale university, and the office boy at his Cleveland quarters had forwarded the message to New Haven. There the telegraph company, for want of specific instructions, had looked up A. D. Baldwin in the city directory and served the telegraphic subpoena upon the first A. D. Baldwin in sight.

There was parley with the committee clerk, and explanations followed. The wrong Mr. Baldwin averred that "if the committee wasn't in a hurry for him" he thought he'd just stroll around and take a look at this shack. "I hadn't been to Washington since 1885," he announced, as he indicated



a little bronze button in the lapel of his faded coat. "And I'd like to see if it has changed much."

Finally, it was explained to Mr. Baldwin that he was not the man wanted. "The committee will pay your expenses and your day's service," said the clerk. "What are your expenses?"

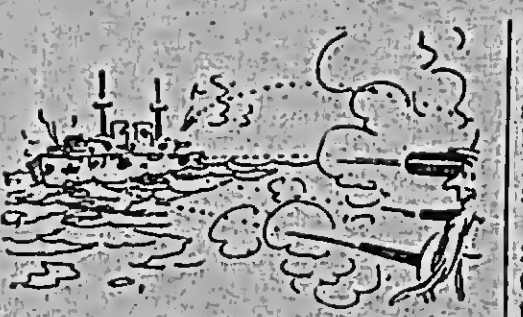
"Oh, I duano," replied the wrong Mr. Baldwin. "I paid for my railroad ticket. I guess that was all. Oh, no, I had to pay a nickel ter ride across New York."

"Haven't you eaten anything?" demanded the clerk.

"Oh, sure," replied the wrong Mr. Baldwin. "I eat a snack in New York this morning. I guess it was about a quarter's worth. I don't eat much, unless I'm hungry."

The sergeant-at-arms was instructed to pay the wrong Mr. Baldwin the sum of \$26.80.

Battleships Indiana and Massachusetts as Targets



TWO more warships of the United States navy, a few short years ago rated as among the most powerful battleships in the world, are to be pounded to pieces by the heavy guns of the modern dreadnaughts and their scarred remains then sold for junk. The Indiana and the Massachusetts, twenty-year-old war vessels that cost more than \$3,000,000 apiece, are the victims selected for the slaughter. The Indiana distinguished herself in the battle of Santiago in 1898, when the Spanish fleet was destroyed as it attempted to run to safety. The Massachusetts also participated in the same war.

Development of warship building has left the Indiana and the Massachusetts far behind. The Massachusetts

and Indiana were built at Cramps' shipyard and were launched in 1893. Their main armament consists of four 13-inch guns and eight 8-inch guns and their speed was about 16 knots an hour. Each vessel cost \$3,063,333.

Modern battleships have a speed of 21 knots, a displacement of 27,500 tons, and their armament consists of ten 14-inch guns, each 50 feet long; twenty 5-inch guns and other smaller weapons. The new vessels can place a shot accurately far beyond the guns of the batteries of the Indiana and Massachusetts.

"The best use the government could make of the Massachusetts and the Indiana is to take them out to Chesapeake bay and use them as targets for our modern long-distance guns," declares Capt. Grant of the Philadelphia navy yard, where the two old vessels are quartered. "They are slow in speed, and way behind the standards of modern war vessels in every respect. The Missouri and Alabama will soon be as obsolete as the Massachusetts and Indiana and will very soon be consigned to the target service or the junk heap."

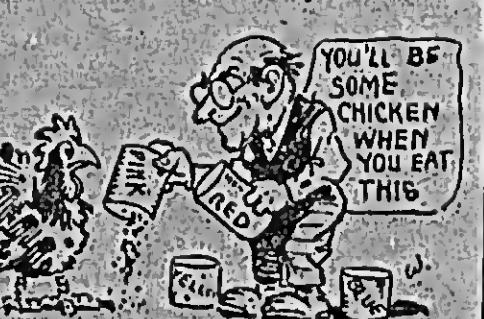
Experts Would Dress Biddy in Much Gay Attire

FOWL fanciers and experts in the bureau of animal industry are seeking some method of cross-breeding whereby the unattractive but useful hen can sprout plumage as variegated as Joseph's coat of many colors.

The activity of the experts is inspired by the fact that an ever-increasing number of states are passing stringent laws against the destruction of birds for their plumage, while several federal laws prohibiting the traffic in such plumage already are in effect.

The bird division of the National Museum also has the matter under consideration, but it is inclined to believe that the evolution of the common hen along the lines desired is scarcely practicable.

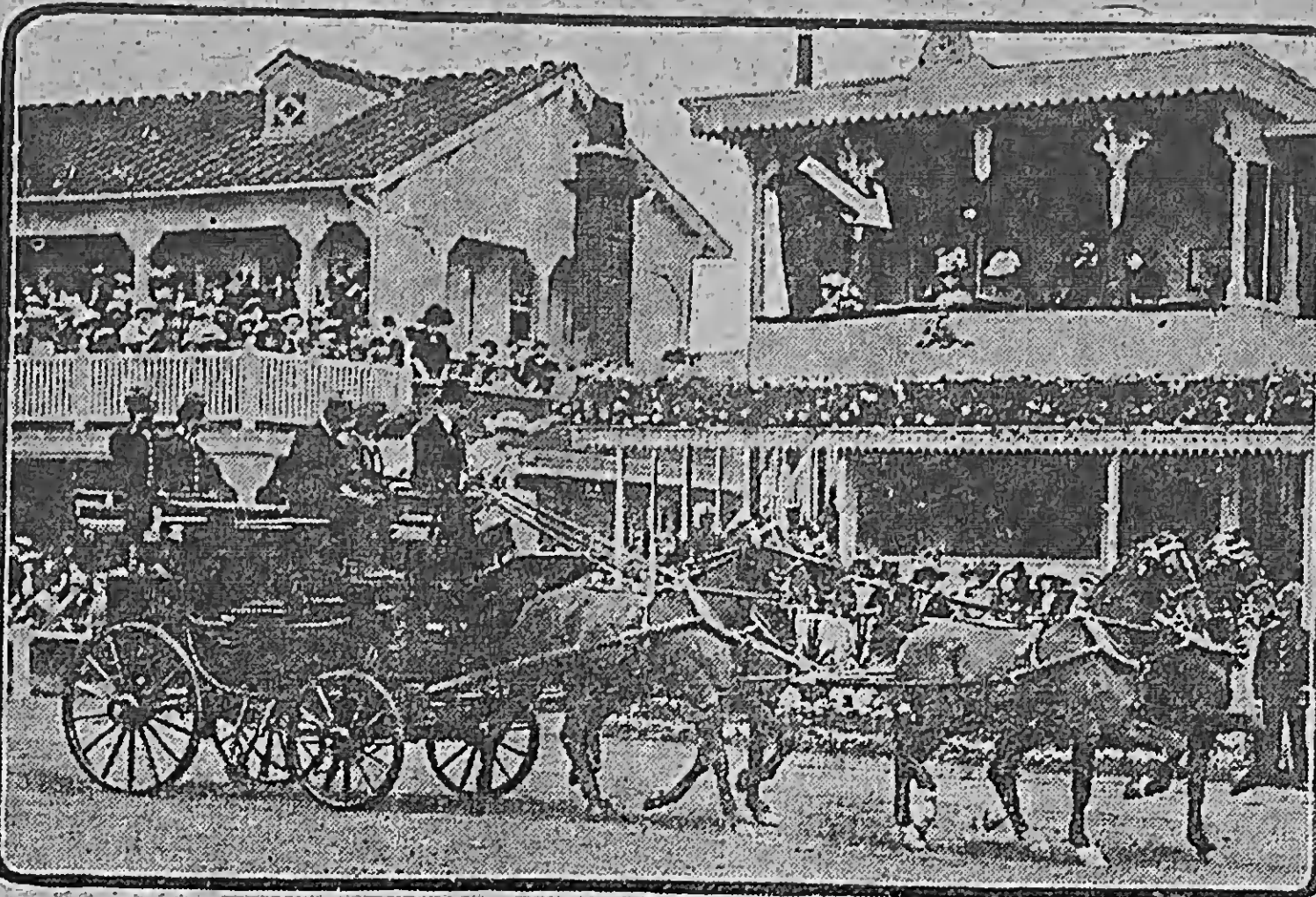
"It might be accomplished," said one of the museum scientists facetiously, "by hatching the eggs in a



dye house, or a paint shop. "It might also be accomplished by feeding the chick-a-biddle ochre, Prussian blue and other varicolored paint powders instead of corn or other grain. One, you know, can never tell what might happen in such a truly scientific experiment."

The bureau of animal industry, however, is taking the matter more seriously and is casting about for some solution of the subject.

VANDERBILT DID NOT SALUTE THE QUEEN



Conspicuous among the Americans entered in the coaching marathon from Hyde Park to South Richmond, England, a distance of about 20 miles, was A. G. Vanderbilt (driving), who passed the royal box, where Queen Mary (arrow) was seated. It was noted that Mr. Vanderbilt, with whom is his wife, was the only man who passed by the queen and failed to raise his hat. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Sturges are on the seat in back of the Vanderbilts.

CALL OF OLD OCEAN

Ever Felt Since Pharaoh's Daughter's Famed Trip.

Romantic Events Have Occurred When Beauty Bathed as Everyone Does Now—Rescued of Sea-shore Fun of Many Places.

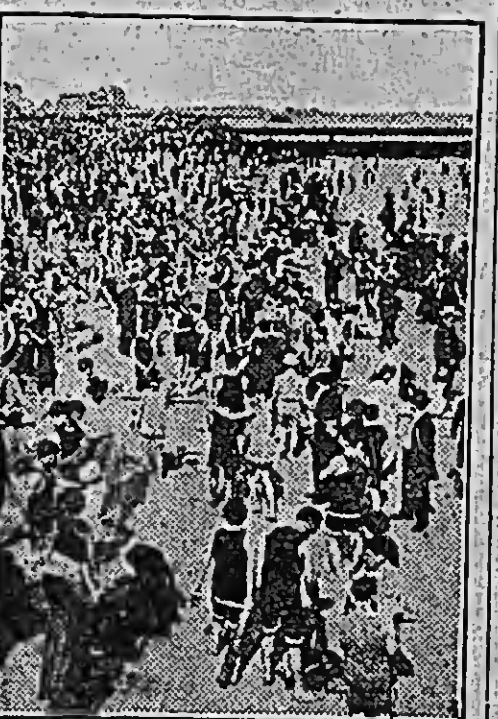
New York.—It was some years ago that "Pharaoh's" daughter went down to the water, or, to speak by The Book, "came down to wash herself at the river, and her maidens walked along by the river's side." It is also related that she found the infant Moses. But that is another story. The fact that she went down to old Nile to bathe is what at this moment draws one to her, especially one who has traversed old Calpis, ferried over to the island of Roda, walked through the quaint garden which belongs to the heirs of Hassan Pasha, and at length climbed down to the very place where this great princess found Israel's lawgiver-to-be in the marshes. As a matter of fact, many romantic things have occurred when beauty was bathing or preparing to bathe. Actaeon thus came upon Diana in the cave of her valley inclosed with cypresses and pines. Let us hope he strayed there by accident, lest the list of known Peeping Toms be longer than it is.

At any rate, we bathe.

Better yet, the surf grows more enjoyable every day till the end of summer. To be sure it is always wet and spacious, but it is not always warm. The later in the summer the warmer the water.

The fact that bathing is delightful is proven by the avidity with which both the well and the illing take to the surf. Even in dainty economical Japan the people like themselves to the numerous bathing places, the hot springs being especially in favor.

Australia is bathing mad. Children there learn to swim as surely as they



Persistent Call of Old Ocean.

learn to spell.—If not surer. All down our Pacific coast bathing is one of the greatest delights. And all over Europe sea bathing is indulged in whenever possible. Along the Mediterranean winter and spring travelers are likely to go in, but, if Americans, they are disappointed, missing the great crowds and the beach idling of our great New Jersey resorts. At home publicity is the keynote of our surf bathing; at most foreign resorts it is quite the reverse.

Some of the gay French and Belgian resorts rather manage to combine the two sorts. They retain their bathing machines, but a crowd lingers in close proximity, and bathers, upon emerging from their machines, are not averse to being accosted by friends in ordinary attire.

A bathing machine, as everybody knows, is a little bathhouse on wheels. A horse usually serves to pull it high and dry away from the waves when the bather has emerged from her dip

and climbed the few steps up to the door.

The English shudder at the idea of our mixed bathing and surely we are privileged to smile at some of their customs. On a certain warm day in Brighton, not so many years ago, one saw just how this modestly worked out. The few who had taken machines were uninteresting, semi-invalid old ladies and children. Then along came a buxom creature who having arranged for a bath climbed aboard and was presently no doubt derobing. Every Johnnie who had seen her enter lingered and yet others, scenting free entertainment, joined the waiting list. The machine was now down with the front wheels in the water and as it was about time for the "vision" to appear these levers of beauty drew closer and closer, not a few perching on the wheels as if to get a better view.

The door opened. The "vision" modestly held the front of her so-called bathing suit in her hand as she stepped gingerly down until she could grasp the rope, for the beach is so steep that a bather is in up to the waist a few feet from the sand. Then the suit hid it all its own way, and it ballooned and expanded to the limit and then some. It was of a nice, warm red and cut like a very broad-necked, old-fashioned chemise, with the lower part caught together for a few inches. This was a great advantage, as otherwise it might simply have blown over the bather's head and far away, giving some poor shark a terrible collie.

MAD COYOTE BITES HERDER

Mounts Horse at Once and Makes a Night Ride to City for Medical Treatment.

Bolse, Ia.—Nicholas Doyle, a sheep herder in the employ of Sam Ross, is in this city to get treatment for rabies.

The other morning about 2 o'clock, while asleep in his tent, he was awakened by a fierce pain in his forehead and the weight of a body on his bunk. He struck out with his hands and knocked a coyote across the tent.

Following it to the door through which it had disappeared he was in time to see a full-grown coyote, the foam flying from its bloody chops, leave the body of a wounded sheep-dog and run for the hills. The coyote had entered the tent of Doyle and bitten him while he was asleep. The teeth of the animal had entered above and below the eye.

Without awaiting for daylight, Doyle caught a horse and started from his camp on Jenkins Creek for this city. While waiting for the remedy, Doyle declares that he is not greatly agitated, although he is fearful of losing his life.

PLAN A GIGANTIC SUN DIAL

Paris Committee Would Thus Transform the Place Vendome—Not a New Idea.

Paris.—The old Paris committee, a municipal body charged with the preservation of the ancient landmarks of the city, is now considering the remarkable proposal of a member that the Place Vendome be made a gigantic sun dial, with Napoleon's column as the pointer. All that is required, says Jules Vacquer, the promoter of the idea, is to mark the roadway surrounding the column with a circle of large figures inlaid in the wood pavement, which will thus give Paris an immense natural clock of absolute accuracy.

This curious suggestion is much commented upon, and it is thought probable that the Paris municipal council will soon carry it out. It is recalled, however, that the idea is not entirely original, as the same use was proposed for the Place Vendome and its bronze column in the early part of the last century.

SIGHT OF DEATH SILENCES

Former Policeman Loses Entire Control of Voice When Auto Kills a Woman.

Savannah.—As a result of witnessing the fatal accident to Miss Mary Moore, who was run over and killed by an automobile, Captain S. N. Harris, a former police officer, is suffering from hysterical laryngitis, which has temporarily deprived him of the use of his voice. Physicians state that the malady is not serious and that his voice probably will return to him as quickly as it left him.

As a police officer, Captain Harris saw men killed and maimed under many circumstances, but he was unable to stand the sight of a young girl crushed under a heavy touring car. He was the first on the scene after the accident and he played an important part in rescuing the body of the young woman from the wheels of the machine. His voice became hoarse immediately and a few hours later he was unable to talk at all.

Captain Harris says he never saw anything quite so horrible in all his experience.

DEATH OF DUNCAN CHILDREN

Auto That Carried Noted Artists' Babies to Death in the Seine at Neuilly, France.

Paris, France.—The automobile in which the children of Mme. Duncan were riding with their governess when it ran down an embankment into the



Auto in Which Youths Died.

Seine river drowning its occupants. Craved by the accident, the chauffeur of the ill-fated automobile was found wandering on the bank of the river.

ACTORS' CHURCH NOT KNOWN

St. Paul's Covent Garden, Rich in Historic Interest—Notables Buried There.

London.—Covent Garden is one of the sights of London, but few visitors go to see St. Paul's, Covent Garden, which has been called the "actors' church," yet probably next to Westminster abbey and St. Paul's cathedral here is the church of greatest interest to the historian, for its famous dead number among them not only actors and dramatists, but famous people in every walk of life; Butler of "Hudibras" fame; Claude Duval, the highwayman; Lely, the painter; Macklin, the actor; Arne, the musician; Grinling Gibbons, the sculptor, are but representative of the celebrated folk buried in St. Paul's.

Here, too, lies Betty Chreless—how suitable a name!—who, according to her obituary notice in the Gentleman's Magazine, helped the gay youths of this country to squander \$250,000. She ended in the poorhouse.

BOKHARA IS VERY PRIMITIVE

Interesting Sidelights on Life of an Almost Unknown People Under the Czar's Rule.

London.—Interesting sidelights on the life of the almost unknown people under the rule of the czar in Central Asia were given by Miss Christie, F. R. G. S., one of the first to be elected to that body, who has recently returned from a journey to Bokhara.

"The eleven gates of Bokhara," said Miss Christie, "are still shut every night at sundown, and the watchmen parade the streets after dark beating drums to show they are awake. The people were very friendly. The Bokhara idea of justice was direct and to the point. They took the condemned persons up to the top of the tower and then threw them down. Once was enough."

"The caravansary in the queer town was similar to those usually



At Entrance to Bokhara Mosque.

found in the east long ago. The little rooms look out over a small balcony into the yard. Underneath the rooms the cattle are kept.

"All the buildings, with the exception of the mosques and the towers, are built of clay, and the method of the builders is simplicity itself. A wooden framework is put up, and in the spaces between the wooden beams are pressed sun-dried balls of mud. Then over all comes more mud, and in a very short time a house is built and ready for occupation."

Miss Christie was fortunate enough to see the amir going to mosque and she also photographed him, which is considered something of a feat, for no one ever knows which of the many mosques he intends to enter. It was a Friday, and a crowd of subjects gathered near the mosque within a few yards of the palace.

FISH INTOXICATED ON BEER

Brewery Output Emptied Into Stream Causes Chase Among Piscatorial Tribe.

Mendota, Ill.—There will be no more fishing in the Mendota creek for months to come. It is improbable that the fish will be able to see the bait for several weeks. The banks recently were lined with hundreds of dead fish and the creek was full of others dead drunk.

Because of failure to pay the government tax the Mendota brewery was closed and 1,051 barrels of beer were emptied into the creek.

An hour later a conglomeration of queer sounds arose from the creek, from the mowing of catfish to the deep bass of the bass. Several turtles were seen disporting themselves absurdly on a log and three bullfrogs staggered arm in arm down Main street, until taken into custody by a policeman. They couldn't hop, despite the fact that they were full of them.

Many of the fish imbibed too freely and climbed out on shore, where they were fatally prostrated by the heat. Those who survived followed the beer down stream in large schools.

COURT HOUSE WITHOUT BIBLE

Big Collection Is Raised for One In \$2,000,000 Wilkesbarre Structure.

Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Luzerne county, which has a \$2,000,000 court house, does not own an official Bible, as was revealed when an important case was on trial. The building was searched, but no Bible was to be found. No appropriation existed out of which the book could be bought until 1914.

The Bible class of the Sixth ward of Edwardsville took up a collection to buy one when they heard of the matter. A committee from the class called upon President Judge N. A. Fuller and asked if they might present the court with the Bible. He gave his consent, the Bible has been purchased and the members of the class are busy now inscribing their names on the fly leaves.

Drives Cow Across Navy Yard. Washington.—Privilege to drive a cow across the navy yard at Portsmouth, N. H., was given a woman of Kittery, Maine, by order of Secretary of the Navy Daniels. Every year she has been in the habit of driving the cow from Kittery to her summer home in Portsmouth and back to Kittery in the fall. Privilege was refused this year, so she appealed to the secretary of the navy.

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THURSDAY, JULY, 24 1913

DELIBERATELY GO TO DEATH

Cases of Suicides Among the Lower Animals That Are Seemingly Well
Authenticated.

According to the humane society of Spokane a horse deliberately committed suicide there the other day. The animal was decrepit and had been deserted. Too weak to eat solid food, he was tethered in front of a patch of clover. He sampled the clover, and then, according to the report, deliberately plunged headlong off a bluff overlooking the river a few feet away and was later found dead.

Naturalists have frequently related the suicide of animals through grief. Probably the oddest one of all is that told by Dr. Ezekiel Henderson, the traveler, of a tigress whose cubs had been taken away from her by the agents of one of the large circus menageries of the United States. The party came upon the tiger's den while hunting Asia for exhibits. They took four cubs and crossed a nearby river with them, destroying the primitive tree trunk bridge after they had reached the other side.

The tigress, returning, and finding her cubs gone, bounded by scent down to where the party had crossed the stream. She knew of the tree trunk, having made use of it herself before. When she saw it was gone she uttered the most piercing and lamentable howls and cries. The party with her cubs came back to the river bank, attracted by the noise. The tigress, when she saw her cubs, gave vent to an unearthly shriek. Then crouching, rising and recrouching again several times, she deliberately sprang from the river bank. The river was five times wider than she could have been expected to leap, and leaping animals are close calculators. She fell twenty-five feet into the stream. She came up once, turned toward the distant shore, threw her head back and sank for good. A clear case of suicide the doctor called it.

Saved by His Whiskers.

"Long years ago, when I was a student, I gathered vertebrate specimens for the university on the plains of western Kansas," said Doctor Moody in the University Kansan. "One evening while I was on such an expedition I lay in my tent sleeping. Little did I dream of the impending danger. It was a dark and gloomy night. The wind whistled through the pine trees. The camp fire burned low. My beard had not been shaved for weeks and my beautiful brown whiskers reached almost to my belt.

"Suddenly I awoke. I seemed to feel the presence of other human beings in my tent. Several minutes passed, but before I had time to move a muscle a huge Sioux warrior flashed his cigar lighter and held the little blue flame not more than three inches from my face.

"My friends, for the first time in my life I knew the meaning of the word fear. My whiskers fairly quivered. But luckily my life was spared. The bloodthirsty savage took one glance at my features and whispered to a companion: 'We are fooled. The villain has escaped. Only the hay for his horse remains.'

"My trusty whiskers had saved me. Then and there I resolved never again to clip a single whisker. Can you blame me?"

Butcher Wouldn't Believe It.

Health Commissioner F. A. Kraft of Milwaukee tells a good story on a Sixth ward butcher, whose market is one of those that worry the chief food inspector into sleepless nights and who was cited to appear before the health commissioner. He was told that his market was a disgrace to the neighborhood and his methods too filthy to tolerate. Prosecution and a probable fine was suggested.

After volubly protesting his good intentions and promising improvement, his eyes, according to Doctor Kraft, fell upon a picture of a model butcher shop erected by a North side butcher. The man studied the picture critically, and not without reverence for some time.

"Study it," finally said the commissioner. "You need the example."

The butcher showed some bewilderment, then said slowly:

"Ya-as; vot iss it?"

"What is it? Why, what do you think it is?"

"Oh, I think maybe it's a church."

Coal Was Used 3,000 Years Ago.

Greek writers 600 years before the Christian era mention coal in their works, and it was no uncommon thing in Egypt 600 years before that.

A long gap apparently comes after that, and coal is not heard of again until in England, somewhere about the time of William the Conqueror in the eleventh century. Records are found granting the privilege of mining for it to the people.

It was not until well along in the thirteenth century that coal was used anywhere in Paris, and in Germany the date of its beginning was an later.

MILIE. ZOE'S TIGRESS

By WILL W. WHALEN.

Milie. Zoe had a new lover, but what of that? Milie. Zoe had a lover in every town that the circus reached. Other men less susceptible than Ralph Patterson lost their hearts at sight of Milie. Zoe.

Now the circus was at Montgomery. But Ralph Patterson, being no laggard in love, had followed Milie. Zoe there. He sat now to her dressing apartment, his eyes on her mobile face.

"You ask me to marry you," she said, sweeping her golden pompadour from her white forehead. "Do you realize what that means? There is little virtue on the stage, there is less in the circus."

"You are young to talk that way," he argued.

"Yes, I am young." There was a touch of bitterness in her rich voice. "But despite my years, a man had as well marry my pet tigress, Lady Belle, as me."

"You can leave the circus."

"I had intended to do so before I saw you. This is my last season as lion-tamer. I intend to go on the stage."

"Marry me, and let me prove my love."

"You must wait for your answer." She glanced at her watch and arose as a sign of dismissal. "I must perform."

"Is there in this world today a man whom I could love—a man worthy of a woman's love?"

Milie. Zoe moaned these words pitifully into the ear of her pet tigress. Fierce Lady Belle quailed before the fierce fire in the eyes of her mistress.

The circus had remained three days at Montgomery; now it was to leave. Ralph Patterson was again in Milie. Zoe's dressing apartment, pleading his love, and devouring her beauty with his liquid blue eyes.

"I must tell you a story, Ralph," she said. "Seven years ago, in a coal mine town, not far from here, there lived a little girl, pretty with a moon-beam prettiness. She trusted everyone, because she was good. She trusted one to her sorrow—a man. He wooed her with soft, innocent blue eyes, like yours; he kissed her with frank lips, like yours; he caressed her with strong hands, like yours. That man left the little girl to the mercies of the world, her name gone, her life blasted. The world pointed the finger of scorn at her and shut its doors in her face, while he held his head high and cared for no man, he. By chance, the little girl got some education; it doesn't matter how; she became brilliant and was sought after even by the one who had spoiled her life. The moonbeam turned into a sunbeam."

"He attempted to rise, but a hand, as soft and white as a snowflake, touched his wrist, and kept him to his seat. 'I was that little girl, Ralph Patterson; you were that man. Take education, bleached hair and seven maturing years from Milie. Zoe, and you have little Emma Stone, whom you made an outcast.'

"His face lost its look of innocence; guilt flushed it from brow to chin.

"Your voice was as winning then as now. I should love you, were your past unknown to me. You love me at last, but I do not want such love as yours. There has been an invisible cord binding us together all these years. Even the wounded insect may lame by its sting the one who has hurt it. You took from me all that made life worth the living; and revenge is written on my heart with a pen of iron, with the point of a diamond."

She cast a glance upon him, like the glance of a lioness that sees her prey within reach. He kept his eyes to the ground. He heard a curtain pulled aside, and heard something spring near his feet. One lightning glance showed him an open cage, Milie. Zoe, whip in hand, and a sleek tigress crouching to spring. He was petrified in his chair. Then the beast's claws had rent his flesh.

Milie. Zoe had looked forward to her revenge, but now it was turned to ashes on her lips. All the woman in her was aroused to action; the tenderness of long ago came to life in her bosom; her hardness melted. She saw that Lady Belle had inflicted as yet only scratches and a slight wound. She lashed the beast from Patterson's shoulders, screamed to him to fly. He staggered to the opening in the canvas, and out into the air and sunlight, calling for help.

But Lady Belle had tasted blood; no fear could hold her in check now. Her fangs met in Milie. Zoe's slender throat, her sharp cruel claws rent the beautiful shoulders.

Milie. Zoe's circus tour was ended. (Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Method in His Madness.

"Do you know that you paid that woman five cents to ride on this car?" asked the friendly man on the back platform, after a woman had been let off at the corner.

"How do you figure that?" asked the conductor.

"Why, she handed you a 50-cent piece, and you gave her three dimes and a quarter in change," returned the friendly man.

"Oh, is that the woman I gave the three dimes and a quarter to?" said the conductor, smiling. "Well, she'll have a hard time passing the quarter. That's the way I got rid of all my bad money. Just so long as you give them a nickel or ten cents too much, they'll never stop to see whether it's good or bad."—New York Evening Post

PEGGY BY HIS SIDE HER FAITHFUL LOVER

By HAYS BLACKMAN.

The gentleman of colonial days, be-wigged and beruffled, bowed low before the colonial dame with the powdered hair and the patch upon her cheek, just where a dimple twinkled. "Your pardon, madam," he said, "but we belong to the same period. May I know your name?"

The slim little figure in her great grand mother's quaint gown turned toward the courtly gentleman. "Peggy, sir," it please you, sir," said she, dipping him a courtesy. The gentleman of colonial days looked at the pretty mouth and chin. "Your real name," he entreated.

"Peggy, sir," she said again. For a while the gentleman of colonial days gave up the effort. He danced with the colonial dame. She was light as a bit of thistle down and knew all manner of dainty steps. As midnight drew near the colonial gentleman condescended to pleading. "It will soon be time to unmask. Surely the fact that we are both guests at the Markersons is an assurance that I am some one whom you may know. I give you my name—it is Phillip Moore. May I know yours, sweet, my lady?"

The colonial lady drew back from him step by step. He followed, his hand outstretched. "Please," he begged. She looked back over her shoulder. "Peggy," she said sweetly and vanished in the crowd.

Phil Moore spent the remainder of the evening searching for the colonial dame. He did not find her and went home the more determined to search until this wondrous, teasing Peggy was discovered. And so the month was swung around to the month of lovers—June.

The road was a veritable lovers' lane, embowered in roses, bordered with daisies, and shut in by hedges where the golden tendrils of love vine clasped the green of the hedges. Phil, swinging down the lane this June evening, was glad that he was alive. And now, as he swung down the lane there was the rattle of a cart behind him and a voice broke into a snatch of song:

When first I saw sweet Peggy, 'twas on a market day,
A low-backed cart she sat in upon a truss of hay—

Phil turned about as the rattle of the cart and the music of the girlish voice grew clearer. Down the narrow road swung a cart drawn by a plodding gray horse. There was no truss of hay, but on the low seat a girl sat, erect, her pliant young figure away-ling with the jolting of the cart. She was bareheaded and the sunset lent a dash of gold to her brown hair. Her head was tilted like the head of a saucy sparrow, and Phil caught the glimpse of a rounded cheek and of a dimple that twinkled merrily at the corner of her mouth. Peggy! Phil's heart beat high with delight and surprise. It was his colonial dame, Phil lifted his hat. "Good evening, Peggy."

Peggy eyed him and her dimple began to twinkle although her voice was severe. "Will you please get out of the way," she said, "we don't want to trample you in the dust." She chirruped to the gray horse. Phil held his ground. Peggy, blushed. "Are you a holdup man?" said she.

"I'm going to hold you up until you tell me who you are, Miss Peggy," the amateur road agent answered.

A fly settled on the gray horse's flank. He lifted a restless foot and Peggy leaned forward to flick the insect viciously with the whip. The gray horse, thinking himself signalled to proceed, trotted forward, and Phil, seeing that he was really to be walked over stood aside.

"I know you," Peggy called to Phil. "I know that you have come down to spend Sunday at the Cedars, even though you didn't know that I am stopping there. And I know that you couldn't find out who I was, though you tried all winter. And it was just as easy," she laughed merrily.

"Who are you?" Phil demanded. "I'm Miss Margaret Fowler now," the teasing voice answered. "And I spent the holidays with my sister, Mrs. Markerson and went to the fancy ball the night before I had to go back to school. But I used to be little Peggy Fowler—that was when you were just a big boy. Maybe you have forgotten about that," the voice was so low that it trailed almost into silence.

"Forgotten," cried Phil. "Well, I should say that I haven't. And the pranks you used to play on me. You were always a tease. But I hadn't any idea you would grow up to be a beauty."

A minute later Phil had caught the cart. He swung himself up beside the driver. And he took up the song that Peggy had sung:

To rather have that cart, sir, with Peggy by my side,
Than a coach and four and gold galore
And a lady for my bride
For the lady would sit ferriest me, on a cushion made with taste,
But Peggy is here beside me with my arm around her waist.

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

The only fault that Hiram Lamson had had to find with Mira in all the thirty years of their happy wedded life was her unreasonable and utterly groundless jealousy.

At supper Mira had announced her intention of taking the old Democrat wagon and driving Dobbin to the city to attend a revival meeting. Much to Hiram's surprise and chagrin Mira had declined his proffered escort.

After she had gone Hiram noticed a piece of paper lying on the hall floor. He went forward and picked it up.

"What's this?" Hiram asked. "A letter, eh?—and torn in two. Why, now, who can be a-writin' to Mira like that—My darling Mira?"

"My darling Mira—Meet me at half-past eight o'clock tonight under the blasted elm in Lovers' walk. Grant me this last prayer, my loved one, and I will never trouble you again. Your faithful lover, CLAUDE."

"So this is the revival meetin' as Mira's gone to? Oh, Mira, Mira! This is why you've always pertended to be so jealous of me—you did it to cover up your own wrongdoing."

"Half-past eight o'clock, under the blasted oak. I must get on my bike and spin over there."

Lovers' lane was the name given to a well-worn path that ran through a piece of woods about five miles from the Lamson farm. Hiram made a long detour so as to approach the trysting place from the back of the woods, instead of from the turnpike. It still lacked fifteen minutes of the appointed time when he came within sight of the blasted elm.

In the gathering dusk Hiram espied Mira, seated behind a tree some twenty paces from the blasted elm, and he heard the whinney of the faithful Dobbin, tethered somewhere near at hand.

"Seems as if Claude wasn't in such a hurry to keep his appointment as Miranda was. Aye, lass, I could almost find it in my heart to take and lift ye into the wagon and drive ye straight home before yet get a chance of making a fool of yerself before my eyes. I'd do it—and forget the whole night's business—if it wasn't that I'm bound to everlastingly knock the nourishment out of this fine gentleman Claude."

At last it seemed that Mira's patience had given out. Hiram looked at his watch as she got up and started for the by-road.

Just as Mira was about to step into the wagon, Hiram, who had reached her side unobserved, said:

"Let me help you, wife. I guess I'll load my wheel into the wagon, and we'll drive home together."

"Where have you been skulking, Hiram Lamson?" Mira demanded, wrathfully, "and where's that Jezebel as you come out here to meet?"

"Now, Mira," said Hiram, quietly but firmly, "the jealousy racket doesn't go in this family any longer. It's played out. You're the only woman I came here to see. But I was expecting a man. Where's Claude, Mira?"

"Claude!" Miranda echoed in a disgusted tone. "I don't know nothing about no Claudes. What I want to know is—Where's Clementina, and who is she?"

"I don't know what you're talking about, Mira—I've no more idea than a next year's pumpkin. But I'd like to know if this is what you call attending a revival meeting. I'd also like to know who Claude is."

"To the later bugs w' Claude!" was Mira's impatient exclamation. "But when you get love letters from your Clementinas, Hiram, Lamson, you should be more careful than to drop 'em around in the dairy. Now, read that letter, and then tell me you never heard of Clementina!"

Mira took a piece of paper from her bosom and handed it to Hiram, who managed to read it by the light of the moon:

"Dear Hi—You have broken my heart, but I will go away and bear my sorrow in silence. You will never see me again on earth, unless you come to the blasted oak in Lovers' lane at half-past eight to-night. Yours, though, I may not call you mine."

"CLEMENTINA."

Hiram scratched his head for a moment. "Why, old girl," he said, "somebody's been fooling us both. I got a letter pretty much like that—signed with the name 'Claude,' as if it was intended for you. Well, whoever it was, we'll just fool them. We'll get into the wagon and drive home and never a word to anybody to let folks know what two old fools we've been to-night."

Half an hour later, as they entered the house and Hiram made a light, Mira exclaimed:

"Hiram Lamson, there's been thieves here! Everything's turned upside down."

Investigation revealed losses in money, plate and jewelry to the amount of \$1,200.

"Bless me, if those robbers haven't actually had the impudence to leave their cards!" exclaimed Hiram.

Lying face downward on the dining room table were two calendars which had been torn down from the wall. On the back of each a name was printed in pencil, in large, ill-formed characters:

"CLAUDE."
"CLEMENTINA."
(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

She—"Woman, you know, is the weaker vessel." He—"I don't know about that. She can generally break a man."



Keeps You Cool
Refreshed and Cheerful
In Hot Weather

Klein's
Pure German Birch Beer

Cools, cheers and relieves in hot weather. A thirst quencher of appetizing flavor that promotes health. Made of pure birch bark in the good old-fashioned way.

Klein's Ginger Ale and Sodas are known for their quality and purity. Sold everywhere.

F. G. KLEIN CO., Burlington, Wis.



Wired House

Life is made more comfortable
in Summer

Electric Fans will cool it,
Electric Appliance for

that purpose will do the
washing and cleaning.

Electric Irons will enable
you to iron outdoors.

With Electric Cooking
Appliances you can dis-

pend with the Kitchen
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meals.

Is Your house wired?
If not we'll tell you how
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Public Service Company
OF NORTHERN ILLINOIS

DEAR MR. CUSTOMER:—

Don't be weak on the price proposition,
it's really a secondary consideration.

"Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten"

A growth based on honest endeavor to give quality, to emphasize the good, to avoid error, is permanent and carries within itself an impetus for continual advancement.

We handle the very best material on the market, and our prices are based upon the Quality of the article.

PLUMBING & HEATING, a specialty.
Strictly sanitary plumbing (Guaranteed)
whether your water supply is from city or otherwise.

Prices and Estimates given on the following

Hot water, steam, warm air furnace heating, acetylene and gasoline gas piping and fixtures, pneumatic water supply systems, gasoline and kerosene engines, pumps and well supplies, pipe and fittings, galvanized iron cornices, eaves troughs and gutter, builders hardware, stoves and ranges, gasoline and kerosene stoves, fishing tackle, American wire field fencing, guns and ammunition, National copper cable lightning rods and General Repairing.

Ask for our HOME TRADE PRICE MAKER
CATALOGUE

Illustrating and Quoting
Exceptionally low prices, on

MERCHANDISE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

Williams Bros. Antioch Store
Inc. (Established 1871)

Phones—Long Distance and Farmers Line

LOCAL ITEMS

Local Announcement and the Elgin Butter Market.

ELGIN, ILL., July 21.—The committee declared butter at 26c.

Cement at Hunt's. adv.

Dr. Hesses fly chaser at Webb's. adv.

Wanted—An apprentice girl. Miss Addie Schaefer. adv.

Harry Taylor of Chicago, spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mrs. Sackman of Waukegan visited over Sunday with Mrs. McGrath.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Herman of Lawton, Okla., are visiting relatives here.

Miss Theo Smith and Miss Emma Grabe of Grayslake visited over Sunday with Mrs. Wm. Bartlett.

Found—A silver mesh bag on Main street. Owner may have same by proving property and paying for this notice.

For Sale—A nine room house with barn and garden in the Village of Antioch. Inquire of Sam Strahan, Antioch. 45 w3 adv.

John Martin and A. E. Jack organized local Milk Dealers' Association at Round Lake and at Wauconda last week.

For Sale Cheap—26 foot Mullens pressed steel motor boat. Good as new. Call Antioch phone 561 or at J. P. Johnson, Bluff Lake resort. 44t adv.

For Sale—A small second-hand 3-spring wagon; will hold 5 milk cans, for \$10, also a 22-foot sail boat, cost \$200 for \$25. F. E. Groth, Loon Lake. 44t adv.

A committee from the Methodist church at Bristol, was in Antioch this (Thursday) morning, looking over the wiring and fixtures in the M. E. Church, as they are contemplating putting electric lights in the Bristol church.

Gus Smith is still making good as an expert fisherman. One day this week while fishing at Cross Lake he succeeded in landing five black bass, the total weighing 18 pounds. We know the quality and we testify that it was the best ever.

Agents Wanted—Highest cash weekly and part expenses. Outfit free. Home territory. Experience unnecessary. Our contract the fairest ever written. Under our plan you can make \$20 per week and up, over and above expenses. Write Hawks Nursery company, Wauwatosa, Wis.

Skidson has sold his farm east of Antioch to A. Isenbaugh of Chicago, the consideration being \$10,000. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson have made many friends for the short time they have been residents here, who regret their departure from our midst. They intend to make an auto trip to Boston sometime next month, but have not decided where they will locate upon their return.

The town board has taken steps to better the present conditions of the Saginaw Creek. In effort to give a better fall to the stream and do away with the stagnant places they have employed a ditcher to begin at the west line of the H. Bock property and proceed east of the bridge, digging to such an extent as to provide a two foot fall. The work will be begun this week.

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Lake County Title and Trust Co.

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MASONIC TEMPLE BUILDING

WAUKEGAN ILLINOIS

LOUIS J. GURNEE Secretary

Mary F. Thompson to Wm. Thor-

sen lot 8 and n 1/2 lot 6 blk 1, 750 00

Lakeland sub, Grayslake w d

T W Smith and w f to Effie S

Langlands lot 72 Shaw's sub

Long Lake w d 150 00

Master in Chancery to Henry

Herman lots 8, 9, 10, 13 and

14 blk 2, Grand Bluff w Antioch

twp deed 685 00

W H Miller and w f to Emil

Anderle n 1/2 lot 13, Cedar

Park in sec 34, Antioch twp

w d 75 00

W H Miller and w f to Voclaw

Vanack s 1/2 lot 13, Cedar

Park in sec 34 Antioch twp

w d 75 00

Better Let the Women Tat.

Tattooing is the least expensive sort of fancy work a woman can do. Many girls admit that they could orochet three balls of cotton while they are tattooing one. Men, it will be easier on your pocketbooks if you let this harmless task go blithely on, for those gay sofa cushions are soon done and then thread and linen must be bought for a new one. For a woman's fingers must be employed.—Kansas Industrialist.

Limoges' China Industry.

Limoges has a world-wide reputation for its china. The industry has been carried on in this city for over a century. The excellence of its ware, its hardness, fineness of texture, perfect vitrification and translucency make it unsurpassed in the estimation of connoisseurs.

Fishing tackle, at Hunt's. adv.

Blinding twine at Hunt's. adv.

Everything in summer underwear at Webb's.

Latest thing in summer shirts at Webb's. adv.

H. T. Ames of Chicago visited relatives here over Sunday.

C. Danielson of Oregon, Ill., visited Antioch friends Saturday.

After August 1st a free delivery service will be established at North Chicago.

A tarantula was found in a bunch of bananas at Chase Webb's one day this week.

Mrs. Turner of Bristol was the guest of Mrs. Adams the latter part of last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Ames left Monday for an extended trip visiting relatives in the east.

For Sale—Five three-months old Jersey bonas. Can be registered. A. M. Stickle, Route 3, Antioch. adv.

Fourteen mail sacks full of Montgomery Ward catalogues were received in Antioch Wednesday morning.

For Sale—Red top slough hay, on East Side of Petite Lake. T. R. Crane 451 N. May street, Chicago. 46 w2 adv.

Lost—An Elk tooth cluster, set in gold. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning same to J. J. Morley, Antioch. adv.

Wanted—Position as housekeeper by a widow with experience. Best of references. No objections to a farm. Address F. B. Lake Villa, Ill. adv.

The Sr. ball team was defeated in the game with Wilmot last Sunday by a score of 8 to 11. A return game will be played with Wilmot on the Antioch grounds next Sunday.

Wm. Smart and family are attending the reunion of the former Grubb school scholars and teachers at the old school house today. Mr. Smart having spent a part of his school days there.

For Sale—At Lake Villa, 6 room frame house with stone foundation, lot 100x166, fine well and cistern, all kinds of fruit, only \$1600. Geo. W. Hall, 187 W. Washington street, Chicago. Phone Franklin 353. 42ml adv.

Mrs. Hattie Prior of Paynesville, Minn., and Mrs. Catherine Walker of Ashland, Oregon, also Mrs. Carrie Luce of Beloit, Wis., sisters of Mrs. Jacob Van Patten are keeping house for a few weeks, in the rooms formerly occupied by C. E. Van Patten on the Van Patten farm south of town.

St. Peter's Catholic church is planning another large bazaar to begin Monday, Aug. 18 and continuing all the week, at the Antioch opera house. A different program is being laid out for each evening, the usual amount of dancing will be indulged in, and the all round good times of the past years will be represented and this affair is hoped to surpass all previous ones. Full particulars next week.

M. E. CHURCH NOTES

The topic of the sermon next Sunday morning will be: "Missionary Work of the Christian Church in the United States of America." Song and preaching service at 7:30 p. m. Short sermon by the pastor on "Keeping in Tune with the Infinite."

The pastor has been granted a vacation by the Official Board and will be away the first two Sunday's in August. During his absence the Sunday School will have charge of the morning and the Epworth League of the evening services. Carefully prepared programs will be given at all the services and you will find that the Epworth Leaguers and Sunday School scholars will more than make up for the Pastor's absence, so do not fail to attend church on these Sunday's. The pastor expects to visit in "Old Kentucky" where he formerly lived and hopes to return to his work here in Antioch with renewed strength and purpose.

Wanted Useful Article. A suit having been brought against a defendant, his counsel interposed a demurrer that had the effect to throw it out of court. Soon afterward the same lawyer was elected to congress, and while at his post of duty he was surprised one day to receive a letter from his former client, saying: "I am sued again. Please send me another one of them things they call demurrers."

Early Church Bell Figures. French women compressed their waists with splints of wood before corsets were invented.

Irish Bull in Germany. Much amusement has been caused by an official notice, published in the Hanover Anzeiger, saying an order has been made that "the last carriage shall not be attached to railway trains," as it is "always subject to unpleasant shocks and oscillation."

Family Bible Substitute. A man in custody at Wilkesden the other day was found to have "one arm tattooed with the story of his courtships and the names of his loves, while the other arm contained a record of his family bereavements."—Westminster Gazette.

Clerical Humor. Laughter savors life and wit will endure long after many of the old priestly functions have fallen into desuetude; manners and ideas alter, but the basis of humor remains the same. Today Rabelais conceivably could have written the "Inglodby Legends," and in the fifteenth century Barham might have been the author of "The Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua." Today a young cleric, preaching his first sermon, has the naive wit to take for his text, "What hath this blabber to say?"

Still Falling for it. It's a great little world. The man who wouldn't pay a dollar for misting stock or invest in books that he'll never read or try to get the Spanish hares out of prison in Madrid, is usually the first one up to crowd his money on the man who is selling tickets for the concert after the circus.

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FELT HIMSELF A CHATTERBOX

Hero of Story Morgan Used to Tell Would Have Been Good Companion for Von Moltke.

J. Pierpont Morgan was always a silent man, and he would sometimes champion the silent with a story. "Old John Bates, an upholsterer," so the story began, "was renowned for his silence. People who had been his customers for a generation had, many of them, never heard a word from him except 'Good morning.' Five dollars. Thank you. Good day." Old John, in fact, cultivated silence as a genius cultivates his art.

"A patron one day said to John: 'What's the best kind of mattress?'" "Silk," was the reply.

"The patron, some twenty years later, had occasion to buy another mattress, and again he asked: 'What's the best kind, John?'"

"Cotton," the patron cried. "Why, you told me twenty years ago that silk was the best."

"The old man gave a quaint sigh. 'Thinking has always been my rule,' he said."

Visiting Cook. An English girl has adopted the profession of visiting cook, and will devote herself to teaching the indispensable art. She believes that "if kitchens were beautiful, and not the stuffy, stodgey dungeons that they so often are, and that if women dressed for their work in them with the care that they dress for a ball, cooking would no longer be regarded as drudgery and a monotonous business."

Various Thermometers in Use. English-speaking peoples use a thermometer invented by Fahrenheit, a German; many Germans and Scandinavians use one invented by Reaumur, a Frenchman; while the French and most of the other Europeans of the continent use the centigrade thermometer invented by a Swede.

Pleasant for Mamma. "And what did my little darling do in school today?" a mother asked of her youngest son—a second grader. "We had nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said the boy. "That was nice. What did you do?" "I brought a cockroach in a bottle and I told teacher we had lots more and if she wanted I would bring one every day."

Entirely a Personal Matter. Mark Twain and his peculiarities were being discussed by an English class in a western high school. One youthful orator had very eloquently described Mark's personal appearance and had laid unusual stress on the author's fondness for wearing white flannel. "Geel!" said one much interested youth. "I don't see how the public knows whether his flannels were red or white."—Everybody's Magazine.

Fell Victim to Octopus. A tragedy of the coast, the rough portion of western Tasmania, has been cleared up by a discovery by two young men, Gonlon and Cooper, at Cornwall. They caught a monster octopus twelve feet six inches long, three feet thick from chest to back, and three feet across the back, and on opening the stomach found a man's shirt inside. The shirt was similar to that known to have been worn by a miner, Richard Shaw Burke, who was lost on the coast several months ago, and supposed to have been swept from Trumpeter rock, 80 yards distant from where the octopus was killed. The octopus is the largest known of on the west coast of Tasmania.

First Civilization. It was Egypt, in all probability, that the condition we call civilization had its rise at a time when the very idea of writing was unknown to other nations. An attempt is now being made to show that the idea of the settled and more or less orderly and peaceful social state to which we give the name of civilization came from Chaldees, or Babylonians, where that sort of thing existed long before it was brought to Egypt. But not as yet is the theory clearly proven, though its advocates are making some pretty strong points in its favor. So far, however, the "Land of Egypt" holds the title.

Thought Window Was a "Movie." At the general assembly of the Presbyterians in Edinburgh a home mission deputy told this story to illustrate the part the picture theater plays in a modern child's life. A little girl, being taken to church by her mother, viewed a stained-glass window for a minute or two. "Ma," she asked, "when are they going to change the picture?"

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Pain of Wounds.

There is a great deal of misapprehension as to the intensity of the pain caused by the entrance into the human body of various objects. Many persons fancy that if a man is shot at all he must therefore suffer intensely. The reverse is true. A slight wound, a mere abrasion of the skin, is sometimes far more painful than a wound caused by the entrance of a bullet directly into the muscles or even into a bone. The skin is filled with nerves and when any of them are torn by the ball the pain is extreme. If the bullet plunges directly through the skin into the body the only nerves disturbed are those in the comparatively small space the bullet strikes. Since there are few nerves in the muscles, the nerves of the skin convey the sensation of pain to the brain. In the same way the greater portion of the pain experienced in the amputation of an arm or leg is occasioned when the skin is cut, and the subsequent cutting of the muscles and the sawing of the bone, in which all the pain is popularly supposed to be centered, amount to little in comparison.

—Harper's Weekly.

Evidently Knew His Townsmen. A somewhat personal reference was that of an old Lancashire minister who read out for his text the verse in the psalms, "I said in my haste, 'All men are liars;'" and then proceeded to give his sermon in the form of an apostrophe, thus: "Ay, David, ye said it in your haste, did ye? If ye had lived in this parish, ye might have said it at your leisure."

Morning of Life. Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.—John Ruskin.

No Fear of Father Dying Young. When little Doris climbed up to her father's knee, it was quite obvious that some deep problem was troubling her mind. Presently she unburdened herself of the momentous question. "Papa," she asked, "was it a very wise person who said 'The good die young?'"

"Yes," replied her father. "I suppose he must have been very, very wise."

"Well," said the child, after meditating for some time on the import of his answer, "I'm not really so much surprised about you; but mummy—no, I don't see how mummy managed to get grown up!"

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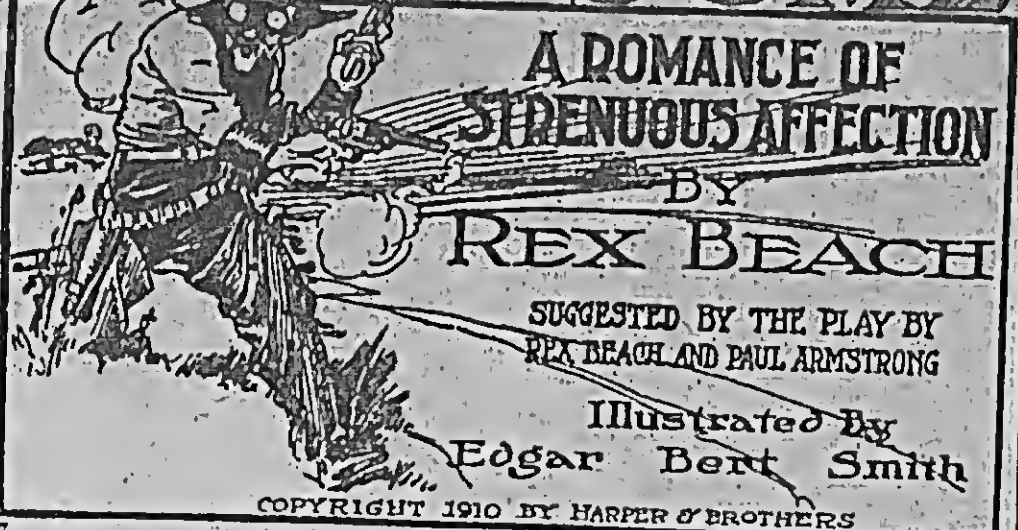
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GOING SOME



A ROMANCE OF
STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY
REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By
Edgar Bert Smith

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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are pried apart by the loss of their much-prized photograph of the cook of their champion in a foot race with the cook of the Flying Heart. J. Wellington Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the photograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake takes to race against the Centipede man, and fearing that Helen will find him out, she enters as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Speed begins training under Glass' direction.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

During the ensuing pause Mrs. Keap took occasion to call Speed aside. "I have something to contribute to the training-quarters if you will help me bring it out," said she.

The young man bowed. "Most gladly."

"We'll be back in a little while," the chapter announced to the others, and a moment later, when she and Speed had reached the veranda of the house, she paused.

"I want to speak to you," she began, hesitatingly. "It was just an excuse."

Wally looked at her with concern, for it was plain that she was deeply troubled.

"What is it?"

"I have been trying to get a word alone with you ever since I heard about this foot-race. The young man chilled with apprehension as Mrs. Keap turned her dark eyes upon him searchingly. "Why do you want to run?"

"To win back the cowboys' treasure. My heart is touched," he declared, boldly. Mrs. Keap smiled.

"I believe the latter, but are you sure you can win?"

"Absolutely—lately."

"I didn't know you were a sprinter."

Speed shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you had experience?"

"Oceans of it!"

Mrs. Keap mused for a moment.

"Tell me," said she, finally, "at what inter-collegiate game did you run last?"

"I didn't run last; I ran first." It was impossible to resent the boy's smile.

"Then at what game did you last run? I hope I'm not too curious?"

"Oh, no, not at all!" Speed, stammered.

"Or, if it is easier, at what college games did you first run?" Mrs. Keap was laughing openly now.

"Why the clear, ringing, rippling laughter?" asked the young man, to cover his confusion.

"Because I think it is very funny."

"Oh, you do!" Speed took refuge behind an attitude of unheeding dignity, but the young widow would have none of it.

"I know all about you," said she. "You are a very wonderful person, of course; you are a delightful fellow at a house-party, and a most suitable individual generally, but you are not an athlete, in spite of these beautiful clothes in your trunk."

"Who told you?"

"Culver Covington."

"I didn't know you two were acquainted."

Mrs. Keap flushed. "He told me all about you long ago. You wear all the athletic clothes, you know all the talk, you have tried to make the team a dozen times, but you are not even a substitute. You are merely the Varsity cheer-leader. Culver calls you 'the head-yeller.'"

"Columbus has discovered our continent!" said Speed. "You are a very wise chap, and you must have a corking memory for names, but even a head-yeller is better than a glee-club quarter-back." He nodded toward the bunk-house, whence they had come. "You haven't told anybody?"

"Not yet."

"Yet," he quoted. "The faculty implied in that word disturbs me. Suppose you and I keep it for a little secret? Secrets are very delightful at house-parties."

"Don't you consider your action deplorable?"

"Not at all. My motto is 'We strive to please.'"

"Think of Helen."

"That's it; I can't think of anything else! She's mad about athletics, and I had to do something to stand off this weight-lifting tenor."

"Is it any wonder a woman distrusts every man who meets?" mused the chapter.

"Helen might forgive you, I couldn't."

"Oh, it's not that bad. I know what I'm doing."

"You will cause these cowboys to lose a lot more money."

"Not at all. When Culver arrives—"

"Oh, that is what I want to talk over with you," Mrs. Keap broke in, eagerly.

"Then it isn't about the foot-race? You are not angry?" Speed brightened amazingly.

"I'm not exactly angry; I'm surprised and grieved. Of course, I can't forgive delect—I dare say I am more particular than most people."

"But you won't tell?" Mrs. Keap insisted in some subtle manner that she was not above making terms, whereupon her companion declared, warmly: "I'm yours for life! Ask me for my watch, my right eye, anything I'll give it to you!"

"I assure you I shan't ask anything so important as that, but I shall ask a favor."

"Name it and it is yours!" Speed wrung the hand she offered.

"And perhaps I can do more than keep silent—although I don't see what good it will do. Perhaps I can help your suit."

"Gracious lady, all I ask is that you thrust out your foot and trip up Berkeley Fresno whenever he starts toward her. Put him out of the play, and I shall be the happiest man in the world."

"Agreed."

"Now, in what way can I serve you?"

Mrs. Keap became embarrassed, while the same shadowy trouble that had been observed of late settled upon her.

"I simply hate to ask it," she said, "but I suppose I must. There seems to be no other way out of it." Turning to him suddenly, she said, in a low, intense voice: "I'm in trouble, Mr. Speed, such dreadful trouble!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" he answered her, with genuine solicitude. "You needn't have made any conditions. I would have done anything I could for you."

"That's very kind, for I don't like our air of conspiracy, but—Mrs. Keap was wringing her slender hands—"I just can't tell the girls. You—you can help me."

Speed allowed her time to grow calm, when she continued:

"I—I am engaged to be married."

"Fetters!"

"Not at all," said the young widow, wretchedly. "That is the awful part of it. I am engaged to two men!" She turned her brown eyes full upon him; they were strained and tragic.

Speed felt himself impelled to laugh immoderately, but instead he observed, in a tone to relieve her anxiety:

"Nothing unusual in that; it has been done before. Even I have been prodigal with my affections. What can I do to relieve the congestion?"

"Please don't make light of it. It means so much to me. I—I'm in love with Jack Chapin."

"With Jack?"

"Yes. When I came here I thought I cared for somebody else. Why, I wanted to come here just because I knew that—that somebody else had been invited too, and we could be together."

"And he couldn't come—"

"Wait! And then, when I got here, I met Jack Chapin. That was less than a week ago, and yet in that short time I have learned that he is the only man I can ever love—the one man in all the world."

"And you can't accept because you have a previous engagement. I see! Jove! It's quite dramatic. But I don't

see why you are so excited? If the other chap isn't coming—"

"But he is! That is what makes it so dreadful. If those two men should meet—Mrs. Keap buried her face in her hands and shuddered—"there would be a tragedy, they are both so frightfully jealous." She began to tremble, and Speed laid a comforting hand upon her shoulder.

"I think you must be exciting yourself unduly," said he. "Jean's other

friends didn't come. There's nobody due now but Culver Cov—"

"That's who it is!" Roberta raised her pallid face as the young man fell back.

"Culver! Great Scott! Why, he's engaged!"

"What!"

"Nothing! I—I—Speed paused, at an utter loss for words.

"You see, he'll discover the truth."

"Does he know you are here?"

"No. I intended to surprise him. I was jealous. I couldn't bear to think of his being here with other girls—men are so deceitful! That's why I consented to act as chaperon to Helen. And now to think that I should have met my fate in Jack Chapin!"

"I see. You want me to break the news to Culver."

"No! no!" Mrs. Keap was aghast. "If he even suspected the truth he'd become a raging lion. Oh, I've been quite distracted ever since Jack left!"

"Well, what am I to do? You must have some part laid out for me?"

"I have. A desperate situation demands a desperate remedy. I've lost all conscience. That's why I agreed to protect you if you'd protect me."

"Go ahead."

"Culver is your friend."

"We're closer than a chord in G."

"Then you must wire him—"

"I have—"

"Not to come."

"What!" J. Wellington Speed started as if a wasp had stung him.

"You must wire him at once not to come. I don't care what excuse you give, but stop him. Stop him!"

Speed reached for a pillar; he felt that the porch was spinning slowly beneath his feet.

"Oh, see here, now! I can't do that!"

"You promised!" cried Mrs. Keap, fiercely. "I have tried to think of something to tell him, but I'm too frightened."

"Yes, but—I want him here—for this foot-race." Wally swallowed bravely.

"Foot-race!" stormed the widow, indignantly. "Would you allow an insignificant thing like a foot-race to wreck a human life? Two human lives? Three?"

"Can't you—wire him?"

Mrs. Keap stamped her foot. "If he dreamed, I was here he would hire a special train. No! It must come from you. You are his best friend."

"What can I say?" demanded the bewildered Speed, unhelpfully.

"I don't care what you say, I don't care what you do—only do something, and do it quickly before he has time to leave Chicago." Then sensing the hesitation in her companion's face: "Or perhaps you prefer to have Helen know the deceit you have practiced upon her? And I fancy these cowboys would resent the joke, don't you? What do you think would happen if they discovered their champion to be merely a cheer-leader with a trunkful of new clothes, who can't do a single out-door sport—not one?"

"Wait!" Speed mopped his brow with a red-and-blue silk handkerchief. "I'll do my best."

"Then I shall do my part." And Mrs. Keap, who could not bear deception, turned and went indoors while J. Wellington Speed, a prey to sundry misgivings, stumbled down the steps, his head in a whirl.

CHAPTER VII.

BERKELEY FRESNO was devoting himself to Miss Blake.

"What do you think of our decorations?" she inquired.

"They are more or less athletic," he declared. "Was it Mr. Speed's idea?"

"Yes. He wanted training quarters."

"It's a joke, isn't it?"

"I don't think so. Mr. Fresno, why do you dislike Mr. Speed?"

Fresno bent a warm glance upon the questioner. "Don't you know?"

Helen shook her head with bland innocence. "Then you do dislike him?"

"No, indeed! I like him—he makes me laugh." Helen bridled loyally.

"Did you see those medals he wore yesterday?" the young man queried.

"Of course, and I thought them beautiful."

"How were they inscribed? He wouldn't let me examine them."

"Naturally. If I had trophies like that I would guard them too."

Fresno nodded, musingly. "I gave mine away."

"Oh, are you an athlete?"

"No, but I timed a foot-race once. They gave me a beautiful nearly-bronze emblem so that I could get into the infield."

"And did you win?"

"No! no! I didn't run! Don't you understand? I was an official." Fresno was vexed at the girl's lack of perception.

"I'm not an athlete, Miss Blake. I'm just an ordinary sort of chap. He led her to a seat, while Jean enlisted the aid of Larry Glass and completed the finishing touches to the decorations.

"Athletes don't do a fellow any good after he leaves college. I'm going into business this fall. Have you ever been to California?"

Miss Blake admitted that she had never been so far, and Fresno launched himself upon a glowing description of his native state; but before he could shape the conversation to a point where his hearer might perchance express a desire to see his works, Bill Stover thrust his head cautiously through the door to the bunk-house, and allowed an admiring eye to rove over the transformation.

"Looks like a bazaar!" he exclaimed.

"What the idea?"

"Train's quarters," said Glass.

"Mr. Speed goes to live here?" inquired the foreman, bringing the remainder of his lanky body into view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPORT THAT COSTS \$26,600 A DAY



AMERICAN POLO TEAM—HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY ON THE LEFT

II F racing is the sport of kings, polo is the sport of millionaires. Any king, even though he may be an insignificant Indian potentate or a ruler of a Balkan state, with a pocketbook of slim proportions, may own a racing stable, but only a man of great wealth can afford to maintain a big string of polo ponies. For race horses, if they are fast, can earn their keep and make a profit for their owner. But a polo pony is nothing but an expense from the day he is bought until the day of his death. The only thing he can earn is a modicum of glory and a few cups which as a rule do not cost as much as his saddle and bridle. From this it may be gleaned that between racing and polo there is a distinction with a difference. Harry Payne Whitney spent \$20,000 on the international polo series of games played at Meadowbrook, L. I. The duke of Westminster's expenses for the polo challenges amounted to \$60,000. All this for the sake of a silver trophy worth \$4,000.

The cost of polo depends largely upon the inclination and desire of the poloists to spend money. Some men can enjoy the sport at an outlay of a few hundred dollars a week, while others will spend as many thousands. H. L. Herbert, chairman of the Polo association, recently said in reference to the cost of polo: "It all depends on how much a man wishes to spend on the game. One man may be satisfied to own and maintain three ponies, while another will want at least thirty at his command. The expense is much like that of the opera. One man can enjoy it for a dollar, while it will cost another thousands for a box."

Harry Payne Whitney and the duke of Westminster own and keep in training the largest string of polo ponies in America or England. The maintenance of these ponies costs them thousands of dollars each year. They are the financial backbone of the sport in this country and abroad. Both enjoy the sport thoroughly, and as they are experts at the sport the money that they spend yearly is to them but a trivial matter.

But for their generous support of the game there would not have been any international matches during 1909, 1911 and 1913. Mr. Whitney supplied the "suits of war" which sent abroad in 1909 the American team, of which he was the captain. It was his outlay of money and purchase of many great polo ponies that enabled the Americans to win the cup which the Englishmen had won and kept for 23 years. This year the duke of Westminster defrayed the expenses of the English challengers. Until he came to the financial rescue the English players had abandoned all hope of bringing the ponies over here to play for the trophy.

Whitney and the duke of Westminster each own 30 polo ponies. They hire trainers to develop the speed of the ponies and teach them the elementary parts of the game. The salary of these trainers is \$4,000 each. In addition to that there are a big corps of stable lads to support, for the attendants not only receive salaries ranging from \$25 to \$40 a month, but in addition are allowed their lodging and board. This, with the cost of food, saddles, bridles, bandages, lotions, medicine and the attendance of a veterinary costs many thousands of dollars. A good polo pony these days costs many thousands of dollars. In many respects his value is as great as a race horse, though his earning capacity is considerably less than that of the latter. The best ponies are bred in Ireland and England, but of late years the ponies bred in Texas, California and the Hawaiian Islands are equal, if not superior, to the foreign-bred horses.

There is now such a great demand for polo ponies that they are specially

bred for that purpose. In 1876, when the first games of polo were played in New York, it was possible to buy ponies for prices ranging from \$35 to \$100. Mr. Herbert once bought a pony for \$35 that afterward developed into a crackerjack and his value soared to \$2,000. Of course that was an exception. Nowadays ponies suitable for polo cost from \$500 to \$2,000 each.

When Mr. Whitney prepared for his campaign in England in 1909 he spent \$85,000 for ponies. Since then he has added many more to his string and has spent at least \$40,000. It will be seen by this that he has expended in the neighborhood of \$125,000 for ponies alone. One of his ponies cost him \$15,000. This was the high-water mark paid for any pony, but many good ponies have cost \$5,000. The duke of Westminster has spent in the neighborhood of \$125,000 for his aggregation of ponies. The ponies that were used in the international matches were made up in large part of those owned by Mr. Whitney and the duke of Westminster. Several ponies, however, have been donated for the use of the players by various Americans and Englishmen who are interested in the game.

It takes several years of hard training to make a pony suitable for polo playing. He is usually bought when three years of age and for two years is taught the elementary parts of the game, such as not to shy at the mallet, to follow the ball, to "break" quickly and to obey the slightest touch of the reins on his neck. Most ponies are trained so that the rider may guide them by simply touching them on the right or left side of the neck with the reins.

Many persons not familiar with polo consider the fastest pony the best pony. This is an erroneous idea. While speed is an essential qualification for a pony, he is utterly worthless if he does not know the game thoroughly and is not subject to instant control. If his speed cannot be

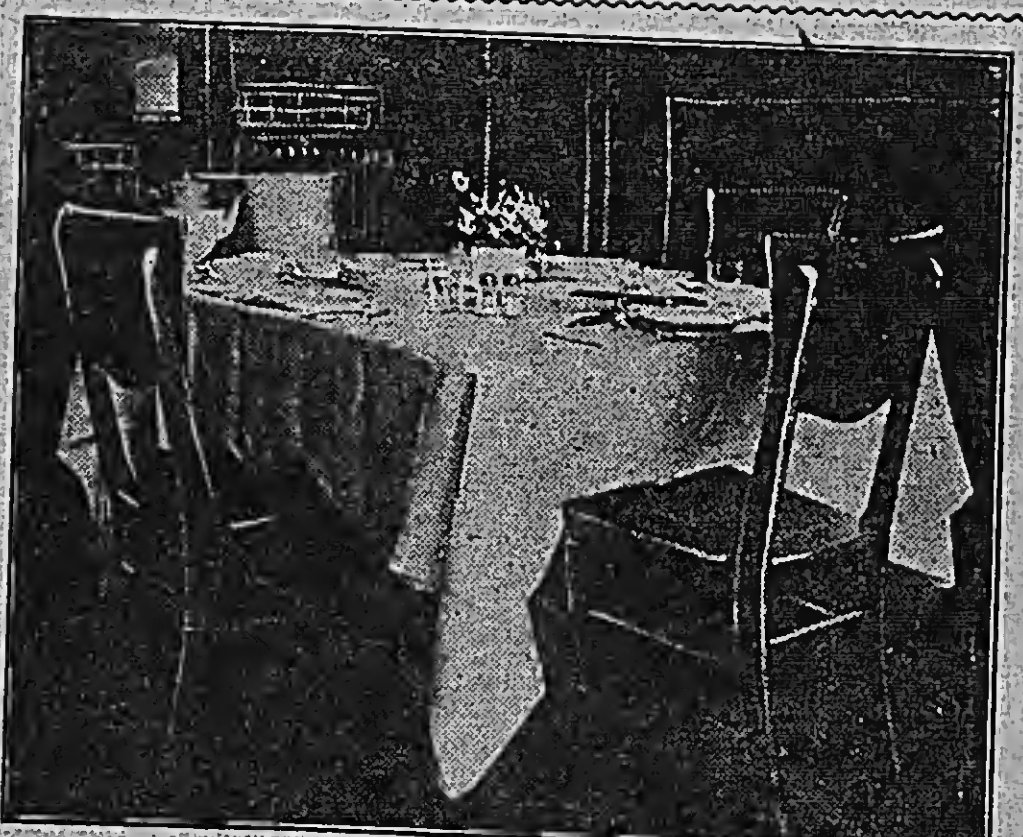
checked he'll run over the ball and carry his rider out of the zone of play. A pony that will twist and turn as though on a pivot and then "break" and race at top speed and stop instantly at command is the ideal polo mount. His value is beyond price.

There are many poloists who cannot afford to maintain large strings of ponies and hire a trainer. Most of these men have from three to six ponies in their string. They place the ponies in a public training stable. The cost is \$30 a month for each pony. These public trainers hire stable lads to exercise and take care of the ponies. One boy looks after four ponies. The actual cost of feed for a pony is \$12 a month.

Some of the expenses other than those of buying and maintaining the ponies, cost the players many dollars. The balls, made of light willow, are furnished to the Polo association at ten cents each. One firm has a contract to furnish the polo associations with 20,000 balls. The mallets are worth from \$2 to \$3.50 each. The heads of the mallet are frequently broken in the game or during practice. It costs a dollar to replace the heads. The helmets, the players wear cost from \$4 to \$7 each. The riding boots are worth from \$15 to \$25. The riding breeches cost from \$3 to \$12.

Device to Keep Record of Hens. To record hens' egg-laying capacities two New Yorkers have patented a simple net, in leaving which a hen is forced to mark a board with crayon attached to a foot, different colors being used to distinguish different hens.

Valuable Feathers Destroyed. Approximately ten tons of feathers plucked from birds by poachers four or five years ago in the Hawaiian Islands have been burned by the government scientists in Honolulu.



A Good Example of an Attractive Farm Table.

White table-linen is important in making things attractive. If white table-linen is not within the reach of everyone, it is surely in everyone's power to set the table well.

The knives, forks and spoons are sometimes apparently thrown at the table, with no idea of order. One has to be careful to get his own water glass, etc. The knives and spoons should be placed on the right, and the forks on the left of the plate, at even distance from the edge of the table, with the water glass at the end of the knife. The napkin is usually placed at the left of the fork. All dishes should be placed inside the line of plates, and so be out of one's way.

In eating, cracked and broken dishes are not permissible at any time. The cracks and chipped places hold dirt and microbes, and are unhealthful, beside being ugly to look at.

A little garnish of parsley on a cold meat dish, or a hard-boiled egg sliced on the greens, or the butter made into neat, pale or slices, will help wonderfully in making the meal attractive.

In this connection we might mention the use of flowers on the table. Most farm tables I have seen have been too crowded with flowers, but when we do away with some of the unnecessary things, there will be room for a flowering plant, or a vase of pretty cut flowers.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD

While woman's place in the world is not merely that of a useless ornament, she surely never was intended to detract from the general effects of nature.

And this she does when she ambles along in awkward ungainliness, distorting every beautiful line which is her divine inheritance and making of herself a most unattractive picture.

patches and is perfect only in absolute completeness. There are graces innumerable of the mind, of the heart, and of the speech, as well as of the body.

Usually these graces help to develop each other. The girl with buoyant thoughts speeds on her way with buoyant step. The discouraged heart is always borne along with slow, discouraged tread. Our actions indicate our

moods, our manners are evidences of our thoughts. We are continually giving outward expression to our principles, sentiments and beliefs—Exchange.

Thought Destroyer. Mrs. Blinks—Now that you have a little son and heir, I think you ought to stay at home evenings and think about his future.

Mr. Blinks—That's just the trouble. He raises such an eternal racket I have to go out to think—Puck



Mr. Speed Goes to Live Here?" inquired the Foreman.

see why you are so excited? If the other chap isn't coming—"

"But he is! That is what makes it so dreadful. If those two men should meet—Mrs. Keap buried her face in her hands and shuddered—"there would be a tragedy, they are both so frightfully jealous." She began to tremble, and Speed laid a comforting hand upon her shoulder.

"I think you must be exciting yourself unduly," said he. "Jean's other

friends didn't come. There's nobody due now but Culver Cov—"

"That's who it is!" Roberta raised her pallid face as the young man fell back.

"Culver! Great Scott! Why, he's engaged!"

"What!"

"Nothing! I—I—Speed paused, at an utter loss for words.

"You see, he'll discover the truth."

"Does he know you are here?"

"No. I intended to surprise him. I was jealous. I couldn't bear to think of his being here with other girls—men are so deceitful! That's why I consented to act as chaperon to Helen. And now to think that I should have met my fate in Jack Chapin!"

"I see. You want me to break the news to Culver."

"No! no!" Mrs. Keap was aghast. "If he even suspected the truth he'd become a raging

WILLIAM F. POWELL, Attorney, Baltimore, Virginia

RURAL NEWS ITEMS

LAKE VILLA

Henry Sherwood spent a few days at the DesPlaines camp meeting last week.

Harry Hilbish and wife have gone to Palmyra, Pa., for a visit with relatives.

The butcher and druggist expect to move into their new building the end of this week.

Henry Nelson and wife have returned from a visit with their children in Waukegan.

The Ladies Aid society will hold their bazaar in the Barnstable hall. Sale begins in the afternoon, July 31.

Mrs. Talbott and daughter Vera have returned from Whitefish Bay, Wis., where they have been visiting relatives.

Our new ten cent show opened in Barnstable's hall Wednesday. The pictures were great and a large crowd attended.

The first dance in the new Barnstable hall was a success from every angle. Had about 100 couples, fine music and an elegant floor.

Some bumps we have in our streets now. No ninety miles an hour through Lake Villa. At regular intervals cement street crossings have been laid about 6 or 7 inches above the road.

The contract for the erection of the new bank building has been let to Hamilton & Sons. Work will be started immediately. Location property on which the Lund building now stands. Cost approximately \$7,500.

HICKORY

Mrs. L. J. Savage spent Monday at W. King's.

A. Savage and wife visited Sunday Ernest Wells.

Miss Irene Savage is visiting at Kenosha and Hebron.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Webb of Kenosha spent Thursday here.

Carl Hollenbeck and wife visited over Sunday at O. L. Hollenbeck's.

Mrs. Harry Wheeler and son Springfield are visiting with her parents here.

The picnic will be held on August 15, instead of August 13 on account of the Gurnee Home Coming to be held on August 13.

HELPLESS IN SNAKES' COILS

Fisherman in Order to Escape Threatened Death From Reptiles Rolls in Fire.

George Ensor, a business man of this city, while fishing near Mountaladale, a Piedmont, W. Va., dispatch to the New York Herald states, was attacked by snakes, which came from a rotten log on which he was sitting, and before he could beat them off the reptiles had entwined themselves about him, binding his arms, hands and feet. The snakes, more than a dozen in number, measured from four to six feet in length.

Mr. Ensor, after vainly endeavoring to work his arms and feet loose, had the presence of mind to roll down a hill into a fire he had built to cook his breakfast. His clothes caught fire and the snakes, scorched and sizzling, untwined from his body and made for the old log. Mr. Ensor ran to the stream and threw himself into the water, extinguishing his burning clothes. His body, arms and face were severely burned, but he managed to make his way to Mountaladale, where physicians say he has a chance for recovery.

Take Care of Your Fluorine. Prof. Armand Gautier, tells the French Academy of Sciences that when the element of fluorine begins to disappear from the body old age comes on. It is this that causes the falling of the hair and the loss of the teeth.

MILLBURN

Wm. Cremins and wife spent Sunday in this vicinity.

Mrs. Bain and Mrs. LeVoy spent Friday in Kenosha.

Mrs. Stewart is entertaining two nieces from Nebraska.

W. G. McGuire and family spent Sunday with Grayslake relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton of Wheaton, Ill., is visiting the former's parents here.

William Thom of North Bend, Neb., transacted business in this vicinity the past week.

Mrs. Boylan and sister, Mrs. Stephens and Mrs. Chase Webb of Antioch were visitors here Thursday.

The Annual Thank Offering of the Women's Missionary society will be held at the church, Wednesday, July 30. Miss Josselyn, 6 years a missionary in Porto Rico will speak. Supper at 5 o'clock.

RUSSELL

Mrs. Allen Dixon spent the first of the week at Gurnee.

Edward Smith and wife of Pikeville visited here Sunday.

Mrs. George Siver entertained the Ladies Aid Thursday.

J. H. Kelly will give a dance Friday, July 28. All are invited.

Several at Dexter Corners attended the Dewey wedding at Kenosha.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. DeForris, Mrs. Hartford and son Ira were Chicago visitors Sunday.

Robert Nellis won a 20 gauge shot gun at Waukegan on Tuesday night at a "shooting gallery."

Mr. and Mrs. Day and Mrs. Leeds Mitchell, formerly Dorothy Day of Lake Forest, called on John Knox and family last Saturday.

MAKE A TEST OF STRENGTH

Peculiar Contest Waged by Elephants in Dispute Over the Companionship of Female.

When two male elephants compete for the companionship of a female, says the duke of Montpensier, in *Wide World Magazine*, they do not forget their dignity so far as to fight for the lady. They simply face each other squarely. Then one of them pulls down a branch from a tree with his trunk and lays it at his feet. The other takes a larger branch, or pulls up a big shrub by the roots, and also lays it at his feet. No. 1 then tackles a still bigger branch, and this strange competition goes on, turn and turn about, until at last the contestant try to pull down trees wholesale, and the one who falls to uproot his tree in turn is abandoned by the lady elephant, who has been an interested spectator of the strange duel. She departs with the possessor of the largest tree, and the vanquished elephant retires shamefaced. This trial-of-strength species of courtship is very remarkable when contrasted with the ordeal of battle of most other animals, and shows the highly developed intelligence of these enormous creatures.

Personal Wilt in Pulpit. The pulpit is not immune from wilt in our own day, but seldom takes the personal form of a certain divine who, preaching a university sermon at Oxford, ended abruptly by remarking that he "saw it was time to shut his books because the doctor's men had now come, wiping their beads, from the alehouse," referring to the custom of the mace bearers, who were wont to repair to a neighboring public house during the preaching and returning only when they thought it was nearly over.

INTO ARMS OF LAW

By J. A. TIFFANY.

I had been engaged in the practice of law for a period longer than I care to state before I made as much as a policeman earns.

But, now, I had been fortunate enough to secure the appointment of municipal court judge.

This had been my first day of office, and there had not been a single case for trial. It looked as if my experience as a private practitioner was to be repeated in my official capacity. Even the law-breakers and litigants shunned me.

I was aroused from my meditations by the sound of footsteps.

In a few moments a man's figure appeared in the open doorway. He was unmistakably from the country.

A clumsy, ungainly man, apparently about forty-five years of age, he advanced toward my desk with stealthy, nervous step. The fellow had a hunted look.

"Say, mister," he said, in a whisper, "what will you charge to get me off?"

"Off what?" I asked.

"Well, I don't want to tell, but I suppose I shall have to. It's all over town. Please don't let them take me to jail, mister."

"What's the trouble? What have you done?" I asked the fellow. "But, I may as well warn you, before you go any further," I added, remembering my new appointment, "that I am a judge, as well as a lawyer."

"You a judge," the yokel exclaimed, in a tone of horror. "Oh, gosh! I've run right into the arms of the law, when I was trying my best to escape. Please, sir, don't send me to jail," the fellow whined.

"If you are in need of professional advice, I think you had better go to another law office, and not tell me anything about your troubles," I said. "I can't send you to jail until you are brought before me in the ordinary course of justice."

"But, I don't want to go to jail at all, judge. I didn't think they would hold it against me all these years. I haven't been in the city in thirty years, and if you'll only let me go this time, I'll promise never to come here again."

"Now, see here, my man," I said sharply, for the fellow was becoming tedious. "If you have anything to say to me, I will listen to it, and treat it confidentially, so far as I can. Either tell me your troubles, or go and tell them to some other lawyer."

"No," said the man, desperately. "I'll make a clean breast of it to you, judge. You see, mister, when I was a boy—thirty years ago—I came to the city one day, in my father's sleigh, and while the old man was around town doing his business, I played about the stable where he put up his horse. There was a lot of snow on the ground, and some of the city boys began calling me a hayseed, and pelting me with snowballs. I didn't like it—not so much the snowballing as their calling me a hayseed. So I made some snowballs myself and shied back at them. Well, just as I was throwing a good hard ball at one of the boys, a policeman came round the corner, and he knocked off his hat. I started and ran as hard as I could. I never stopped till I got to my father's farm, away out in the country, ten miles from here. I laid awake all that night, expecting that they would be coming for me; and I've been expecting them ever since. But, as I had not heard of it in all these years, I plucked up courage and came in today, thinking it had all blown over. But I see that I was mistaken. They're after me."

"What makes you think they are after you?" I asked the fellow.

"There's notices all over the city," the man whined.

"What kind of notices?" I asked.

"I haven't seen anything of them."

"Why, one says, 'Bill' posters beware, and another, 'Bill' posters will be prosecuted!'"

"What's your name?" I asked, as a light seemed to break in on me in all this nonsensical tragedy.

"Posters," the man replied. "William Posters. But they generally call me Bill—Bill Posters."

"Ah, I see," I said, with a sigh of relief. "And you want to settle this quietly—without any exposure?"

"Well, this is a case, I am afraid, that can't be settled with a fine," I said, rising and confronting the villian, who shrank from me, and cowered near the door.

"You won't send me to jail, judge?" he pleaded.

"No, we'll settle it without that," I said. "Just turn round."

As Mr. Posters turned his back on me, I gave him a good, hearty kick, that sent him clear through the doorway.

"Is that all?" he asked, with a bucolic smile.

"Yes, that's all—for the present," I replied. "But, if you ever come near this office again, I'll give you a good deal more than that. Now—skedaddle, Bill Posters, and get back on the farm, where you belong."

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Bunkoed. Hobson (leaving the ball grounds)—"Bahl Baseball is a regular skin game. Here I paid my money to see a game, and the game is called on account of darkness, with the score nothing to nothing."

Dobson—Heavens man! That is usually considered a great game. Hobson—Yes; but I think they should give one a run for his money, anyhow.—Puck.

ANSWERING HIS LETTER

By ANNA PHILPOT.

"Well," indignantly exclaimed the girl to herself, after she had glanced at the date of the letter that the postman had just left. "Two weeks! She flung her head high, and looked into the mirror to get the effect. 'I'll show him that I can keep him waiting, too!'"

She unfolded the letter and read it. Then she reread it.

"Not an apology in it either. I ought just to write and tell him a thing or two—but he'll wait at least three weeks before he gets a word from me! Let him see how he likes it!" She was extremely indignant.

Going to her desk, she flung the letter disdainfully upon it and closed the lid. Then she opened the desk again and took up the letter.

"I wonder," she pondered, "whether I ought to wait three weeks. I don't believe it would be well to wait more than just as long as he waited. That will be a broad hint to him. But I'm not going to be satisfied with 'hint!'"

"I'm going to tell him good and plain that if my letters aren't of sufficient interest to be worth an answer, before I've forgotten everything I wrote to him I'll just direct them to people by whom they will be more appreciated."

"I'll write him this very minute and set forth matters clearly to that young man while everything's fresh in my mind. Then I can leave the letter undated and send it later, whenever I decide will be best."

Suiting the action to the word, she proceeded hastily to scribble off a letter.

"I'd better not begin to scold him at first," she decided. "I'll just answer his letter. I'll write as though I had nothing to say especially, and when I get nearly to the end I'll tell him a few things that he ought to know!"

She wrote on, happily smiling to herself, through a number of pages. "Goodness!" she reflected. "What's the use of stirring up trouble? I think I'd just better let it drop and act as though I hadn't noticed how long a time had elapsed since he got my letter. It's far better that way. Really, it is foolish for a girl to let a man think she's eagerly waiting and watching for his letters."

"Then, too, I suppose he's awfully busy. They say that successful young business men usually can't get on with girls at all, but their time is almost



She Flung the Letter.

never their own. And then his poor arms must get so tired writing his memoranda and getting out his reports that he ought to be praised for writing at all. Poor boy! It's mean of me to be so resentful. I suppose he does his best. And it must be fearfully lonely for him out there and I suppose he just waits and waits for my letters."

"Let's see. He did say that he worked to the postoffice every night for the mail. Think how disappointing it must be to find nothing from me, day after day. He might cease going for the mail altogether if he thought no one would write. Goodness! What if I waited three weeks and then he didn't think it worth while to go for his mail any more and he'd never get my letter? And I'd sit here thinking he just wouldn't answer. That's the way most trouble starts. I'm not going to let it start that way for us, if I can help it!"

"I've made this letter just as formal and unbecoming as I possibly could," she said. Then she glanced through her letter. "Oh, I think it sounds awfully cold, considering the fact that we're engaged! I'll just add a postscript and try to make him see how much I care for him."

She scribbled away until the postscript was five pages longer than the letter. Then she looked at her watch. "Goodness! I suppose the poor boy is counting the hours to see when a letter can get back to him. And he's so busy that the days just fly. I'm sure he didn't mean to wait so long before writing."

"Oh, what's the use? I'll just put on my coat and run to the mail box to catch the next mail with this letter. 'oor, lonesome boy!'"—Chicago Daily News.

According to instructions. Bobbie—I heard you got a letter from your brother? Joey—Indeed, I did. Bobbie—Was there anything important in the letter? Joey—Well, I didn't open it, for on the outside of the envelope was printed: "Please return in five days," so I sent it back to him.

USED A LITTLE DIPLOMACY

Detroit Wife Got Everything She Wanted and Wasted Only a Short Time in Argument.

"Of course, you can't possibly afford a new bonnet for me?"

"Not at present, my dear."

"And I presume a new gown is absolutely out of the question?"

"That's true, just at this time."

"I suppose so. And a few ample dresses would cost too much?"

"I was hoping that you could get along without them. I need all the money I have in my business right now."

"That's what I thought. You can't possibly afford to buy the things I absolutely need. So far as I am concerned you must be very economical."

"Say, what are you driving at?"

"But you can afford to go on the board of commerce cruise and spend as much money as you like on your own selfish entertainment."

"O, I see. Well, since I've made my reservation, perhaps you might just as well go down and order those things you need. There are circumstances that alter cases."—Detroit Free Press.

Proved Worth of Invention.

"Shortly after Galvani's invention came out he visited America, and with a letter of introduction called upon Dr. Doane, medical officer to the Bank of New York," writes a correspondent of the London Chronicle. "He found the family in distress at the death of the infant son. Galvani asked to be allowed to try his battery; the child revived and was christened Galvani Doane. His father was a cousin of Longfellow."

Prepared.

"I knew you were coming tonight to call on my sister," said Willie. "How did you know?" inquired Mr. Staylate. "Because she has been asleep all the afternoon."

ULSTER, GARDEN OF IRELAND

Writer Pays High Tribute to the Scotch-Irish Who Have Made the Country What It Is.

It would not surprise me in the least if the late J. P. Morgan had the blood of the Ulster-Scot in his veins, as your correspondent hints at, says the writer of a letter to the editor of the New York Tribune. The Scotch-Irish were even more Scottish than the Scotch themselves—stern, shrewd, energetic and thoroughly reliable.

When James VI. of Scotland—James I. of England—offered facilities for the settlement of Ulster, thousands of Scots availed themselves of the chance, and by their energy helped to transform that district into a garden of Ireland.

Belfast, one of the most peaceful and prosperous cities in the world, is nothing more or less than a second Glasgow.

To Scotland, indirectly, to Ulster directly, we are indebted for such men as Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, James Buchanan, John C. Calhoun, Chester A. Arthur, T. A. Hendricks, Horace Greeley, C. D. McCutcheon, James G. Blaine, Charles Foster, Samuel H. Grey and many others who helped to make the United States what she is today.

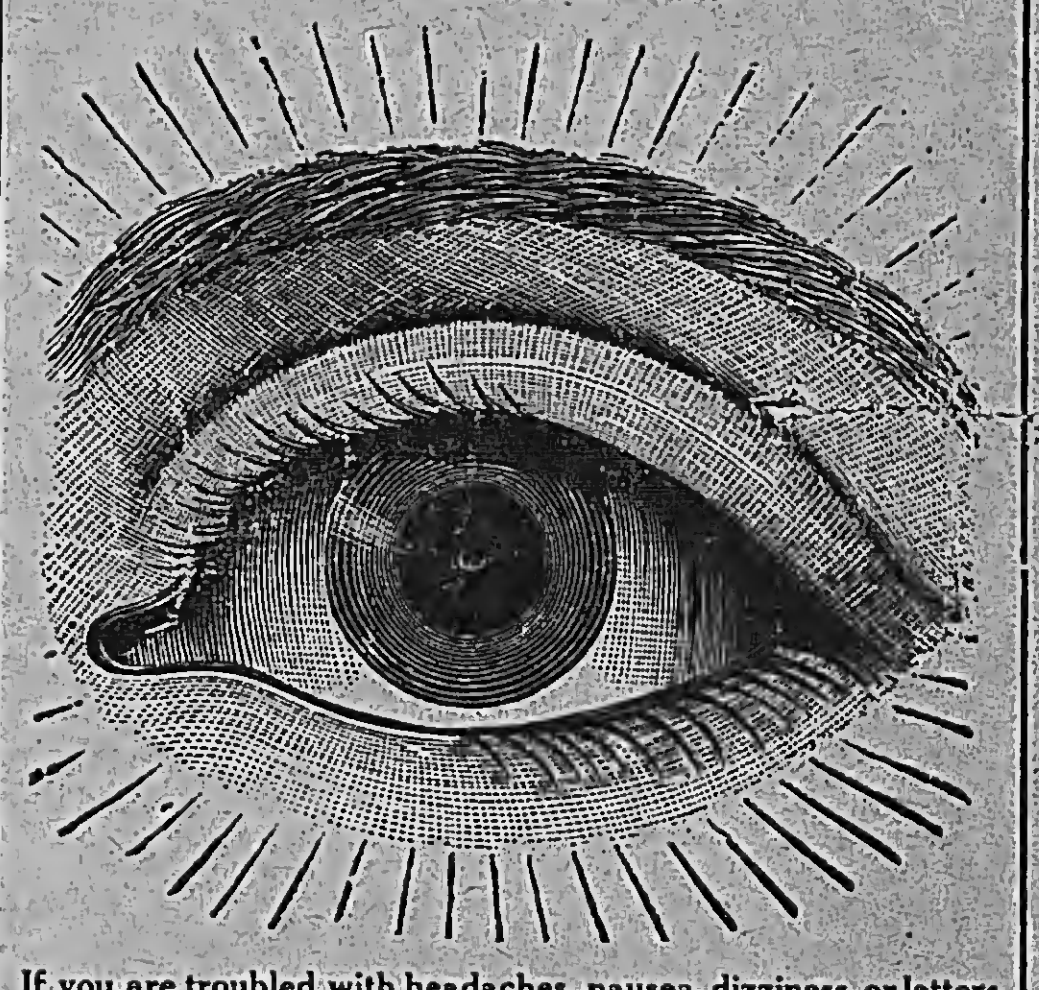
Robert Fulton, though an Irishman of Scottish descent—his father being forced out of Scotland in Cromwell's time—is scarcely an Ulster-Scot. But, then, if it were not for the Livingston family, who were descended from the kings, nobles and lords of Scotland, Fulton could never have accomplished what he did.

Little Wonder.

"I hear a prominent member of the Nunckatesset Canoe club has had to go to a sanitarium for treatment." "What was the matter?" "Broke down with nervous prostration trying to spell the name the same way twice."—Brooklyn Enterprise.

HOW ABOUT YOUR EYES?

Do they need attention



If you are troubled with headaches, nausea, dizziness, or letters blur. A pair of my rightly fitted lenses will give relief. Prices moderate.

Otto Nerad O. D.

Eyesight specialist and optician of Chicago, Ill., at

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